

The Outlook

February 6, 1924

Help for the Northwest

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, in a Message to Congress, has graphically portrayed the situation in the wheat areas of the Northwest. He not only points out the troubles of his region but he has also a remedy to offer:

Great numbers of individual farmers are so involved in debt both on mortgages and to merchants and banks that they are unable to preserve the equity of their properties. They are unable to undertake the diversification of farming that is fundamentally necessary for sound agricultural reconstruction of the area; they are unable to meet their obligations, and thereby has been involved the entire mercantile and banking fabric of these regions.

Not only have there been large numbers of foreclosures on actual farms, but there are great numbers of farmers who are continuing in possession on sufferance from their creditors. There have been large and increasing bank failures; bills have been introduced providing for the lending by the Federal Government of moneys directly to the farmers for purposes of assisting them in conversion of their farms on the basis of diversified farming. I am heartily in favor of these bills, but they do not and will not compass the entire problem.

The President points out that loans

made to the farmer without provision for the refunding of past indebtedness will be of little avail. He recommends the extension of the life of the War Finance Corporation in order that the country banks of the Northwest may be tided over the emergency. Governmental help, the President thinks, is not all that is required. He points out the need for the assistance of private concerns, such as the banks, transportation, and insurance companies.

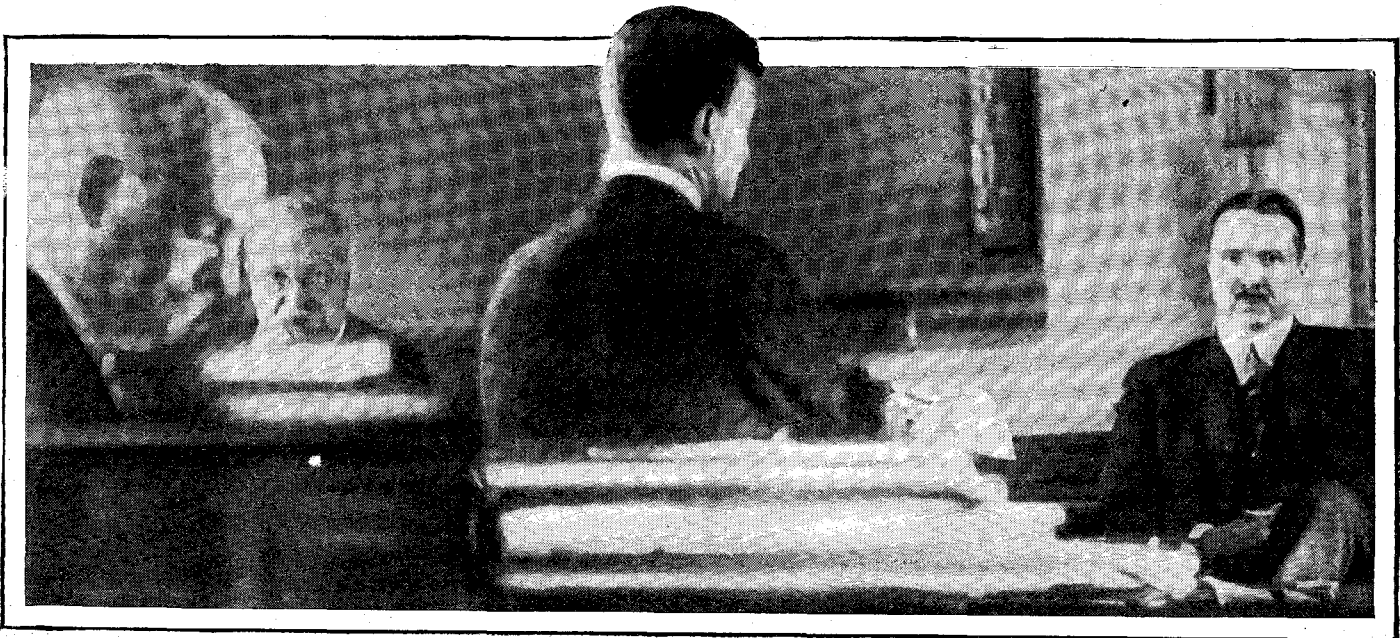
A plan for the relief of the wheat farmers which has been proposed by Secretary Wallace provides for the creation of a grain export corporation to relieve the emergency by taking care of the wheat surplus. The President's plan looks toward a reduction in wheat acreage. The Secretary's plan, if put into operation, would result in a fixed price for wheat, which would stimulate production and in the end do little or nothing to solve the fundamental difficulties of the Northwest. The problems of the Northwest are those which have again and again been shown to be the almost inevitable result of a one-crop system of agriculture.

A cure can come not through any plan to palliate the effects of this system, but only through the elimination or drastic modification of it.

Mr. Anderson Faces a Jury

THE long-postponed trial of William H. Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York State, began on January 21. Mr. Anderson was charged by the State with forgery in the third degree. He was represented in court by ex-Governor Charles S. Whitman. The prosecution was represented by the Assistant District Attorney of New York City, Ferdinand Pecora. The Presiding Justice, Arthur S. Tompkins, was specially brought in from outside New York City for this case. Mr. Anderson, previous to the trial, had charged that his difficulties were due to a Catholic-Tammany conspiracy. Justice Tompkins is a Republican and a Protestant.

As The Outlook goes to press the trial is apparently nearing its end. It would seem that much of the evidence introduced did not have a direct bearing upon the specific charges against Mr. Anderson. It did have bearing, however, upon the general question of his suitability to handle the funds and policies of such an organization as the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Anderson testified that he received some \$24,000 as a gift from a certain Mr. John T. King and that he paid over this money for purposes of publicity to a certain Mr. Henry Mann. This transac-



International

William H. Anderson on trial for forgery. Anderson is at the right, with Assistant District Attorney Pecora facing him; Justice Tompkins is at the left, with Assistant District Attorney Brothers in the left foreground

tion attracted more public attention than anything else in the trial. Mr. Anderson was unable to present any evidence either in the form of correspondence or vouchers or receipts of the existence of either of these men, nor was he able to give any evidence of their present whereabouts. The Anti-Saloon League of New York, it was shown, reimbursed Mr. Anderson for the money which he said had been spent for purposes of publicity by Mr. Mann and given to Mr. Anderson by the elusive Mr. King. Friends and associates of Mr. Anderson testified to their faith in his integrity.

In a later issue we hope to comment more fully on the result of the trial.

The Vulnerable Canal

LAST year the Fleet Maneuvers proved that the defenses of the Pacific entrance to the Canal were inadequate. This year the combined Naval and Military maneuvers were carried out at the Atlantic portal to the Canal, and again the existing defenses were shown to be inadequate. The facts in regard to defenses of the Canal were given in an article published in *The Outlook* for January 30.

The Outlook has a special correspondent with the Fleet, Henry Beston. Mr. Beston saw active service in France and has a specialized interest in the development and operation of submarines. He is also the author of a new book of fairy stories for children. It should be added that he does not confuse the functions of his two literary modes.

Another special correspondent of *The Outlook*, Frederick S. Thompson, saw the maneuvers, we have every hope, from the air, in a new all-metal seaplane. He departed from New York in ample time to follow the developments of the mimic warfare. Our first telegram from Mr. Thompson said: "We flew through the storm that nearly wrecked the Shenandoah. Now off to Caribbean Islands." It was sent from Miami.

Giving American Musical Ability a Chance

AMERICAN schools of music, it is charged, tend to crush virtuosity and creative genius, just as our public schools, and most of the private ones too, tend to pull the able child down to the mean. So it is that we continuously welcome a veritable swarm of European musicians, while young American musicians, sometimes of high promise, are often forced into theater orchestras for the rest of their lives, their ambition suffocated

because of a lack of opportunity to gain a hearing as soloists, to gain efficient orchestral training either as instrumentalists or potential conductors, or even to gain a hearing for their compositions.

To meet these very real needs Mrs. E. H. Harriman, three years ago, founded the American Orchestral Society. Sufficient time has elapsed to prove the soundness of the idea, and its great value to young American students of music. Let us see what the objects of this organization are.

First, it makes it possible for music students, who have mastered the technique of their instruments in the schools, to have the immense advantage gained through routine work in an excellent orchestra, under expert leadership and criticism, and with a very large repertoire. This last meets one serious criticism of our schools, which signally fail in most cases to give their pupils a working knowledge of more than a very few orchestral compositions.

Secondly, the Society gives a real opportunity to young conductors, not only to study scores, but to conduct a full symphony under expert criticism.

Thirdly, the Society gives a critical hearing to young soloists, those showing ability having opportunities to practice and play concertos with the orchestra.

Fourthly, the Society makes it possible for an American composer of merit to hear his work well played by a complete orchestra and to obtain such helpful criticism as he may need.

And, finally, the Society welcomes "listeners," who through lectures and performances are enabled to gain a knowledge and appreciation of the various orchestral instruments and of a wide range of orchestral music.

The very real success and support gained by the Society make it well worth the consideration of musical associations and schools in all our municipalities. The establishing in many places of similar organizations would mean much for musical Young America. They might even combine to induce our musical schools to recognize creative genius and potential virtuosity, and make a point of giving special ability a chance to develop.

The Fall of the Franc

IN a less degree France is involved in the same vicious circle in which Germany has found disaster. She has a great amount of paper money in circulation, and the more she has put out, the more she needs. The franc has been

falling in value. The French Government has taken fright at what has happened, or at least is much concerned. Now Premier Poincaré has announced a vigorous policy which, however disagreeable to French taxpayers, is the only one that will save France from Germany's financial fate.

During the war, instead of taxing their people for the cost of the war as Britain did, France, like Germany, borrowed, with the expectation of getting repayment out of the defeated enemy. Germany's policy failed because she did not win. France's policy has so far failed because she has not been able to get the defeated country to pay.

Of course the French people, with justice, believe that the cost of the devastation of French soil ought not to be paid by the French taxpayer, since Germany caused the devastation; but a sense of grievance will not pay bills. Now, with the fall of the franc, French pride is touched.

M. de Lasteyrie, French Foreign Minister, has declared that it is not economic conditions but speculating foreigners that have brought about the fall of the franc. In accordance with this idea, he has persuaded the Government to expel from French soil a few shady foreign money-changers. He has announced that foreigners will not be allowed within the precincts of the Bourse for fear that they should spread false news. He has said that large quantities of francs in the hands of foreigners constituted a mobile wealth over which the Government had no control. He charged that German bankers had deliberately brought about the fall of the franc in accordance with their decision on the 6th of last November at their Frankfort meeting. Circulars issued by them, he said, recommended the sale of French securities and the disposal of French francs in exchange for dollars or pounds. This German thrust at France is of course so to encircle her financially as to pull down the franc, if possible, to the level of the mark, and thus force France to let go of the Ruhr. In reference to this our editorial correspondent in Europe, Mr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, writes to us:

Whatever be the machinations of German bankers, speculation for the fall of the franc is the result, not the cause, of the franc's weakness; such speculation would not have been undertaken unless the franc were weak, because it would not have been profitable.

Later, the Labor victory in England caused a marked decline in the exchange value of the pound. This

A Matter Between Party and Party

(Coriolanus, Act II, Scene 1)

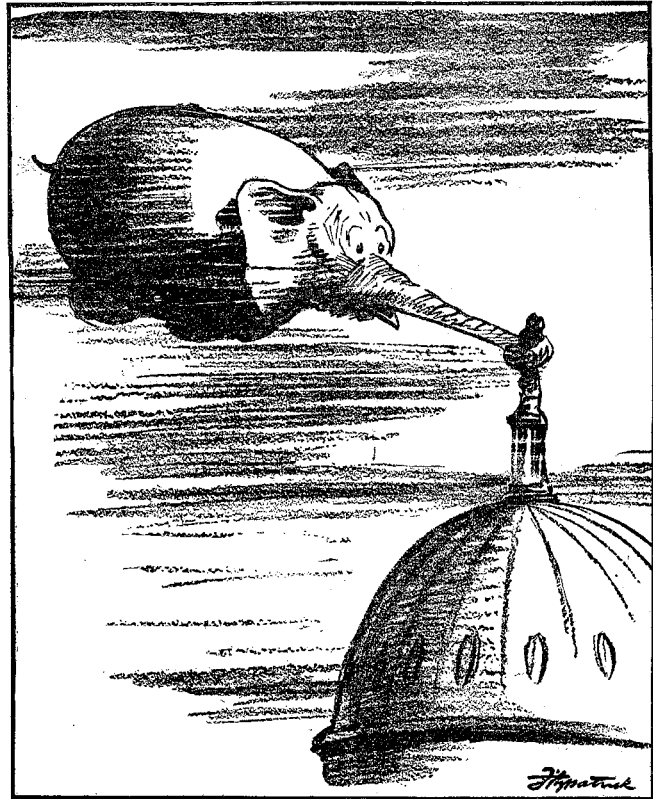
Darling in the Colorado Springs Gazette



Quick, Cal, the Soap and Hot Water Before He Tracks
It All Over the House

From B. M. Kemple, Colorado Springs, Col.

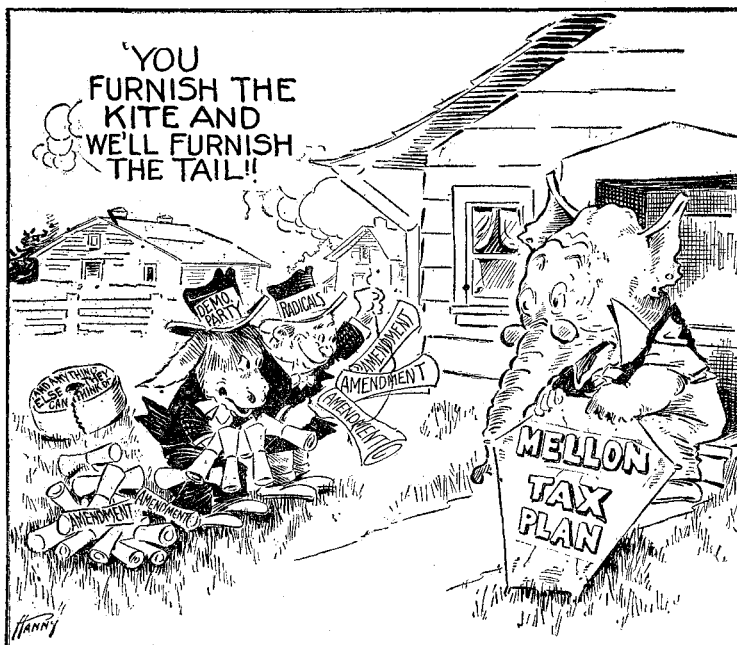
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



More Trouble at the Mooring Mast

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



Did You Ever See Such Hearty Co-operation?

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

Orr in the Buffalo Express



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The Claim Jumper

From Francis H. White, Buffalo, N. Y.



International

The Allied Reparations Committee in session at Paris. Left to right: Baron Houbart, of Belgium; M. Allix and M. Parmentier, of France; General C. G. Dawes, Chairman, of the United States; Owen D. Young, of the United States; Sir Robert Kindersley and Sir Josiah Stamp, of England; Dr. Pirelli, of Italy

caused purchases of dollars, and the purchases, in turn, caused the sale of francs.

At first the drop was supposed to be due to end-of-the-year settlements. People prophesied that in January the franc would rise. But here we are at the middle of the month, and it has fallen to a still lower, and unprecedented, level.

At the close of 1923 the French were gratified by noting a small surplus in their ordinary Government Budget. But there is another budget to be considered. Germany's wretched failure to meet her debt to France has compelled this country to borrow so as to meet the demands of what she calls her "Budget of Recoverable Expenditures" and pay for restoring her devastated regions. Here is where the trouble lies.

Increasing French Taxes

THIS, however, does not tell the whole story. Since it could not get the money from Germany, the French Government had only two alternative courses. One was to lay heavier taxes on the French people, and thus get for the Government needs what the Germans had failed to provide. The other was to print paper francs—that is, more promises to pay—with the expectation that ultimately Germany would be persuaded or compelled to pay what she owed. M. de Lasteyrie says that refusal of foreigners to accept French francs was merely and purely psychological and calls attention to the gratifying figures concerning French foreign trade. Our editorial correspondent, whom we have quoted above, says as to this:

One newspaper, the "Quotidien" (hated by the others), had the grit to

point out what was perfectly evident to any intelligent "psychological" foreigner, namely, that the statement of the Banque de France had revealed an increase in bank-note circulation of more than 1,200,000,000 francs in the week. As it happened, this is the exact equivalent of the sum that the French Government failed to repay to the Banque under contract for the repayment of loans. That contract called for the annual repayment of 2,000,000,000 francs, but at the end of 1923 the Cabinet decided to repay only 800,000,000. Then "l'Oeuvre," also aggravatingly independent, followed suit, calling attention to the additional fact that the bank-note circulation had risen by 600,000 francs in December. The total increase, 1,800,000,000 francs, has certainly done more to lower the franc's value than have all the maneuvers of Frankfurt bankers.

That this is true was shown later by the result of the Banque de France's action in raising its discount rate from 5 per cent to 5½ per cent. Under normal conditions, this action would have moved exchange in the franc's favor. Exactly the opposite happened. The rate still continued to move against the franc; and why? Because people did not regard the raising of the rate as a remedial measure, but merely as an admission of the franc's inherent weakness.

France has been on the edge of a crisis. With the fall of the franc there has been an increase in the cost of living. It will not help very much for French leaders to cry out to the people of France, "Defend the franc," as the "Matin" did the other day. Very much more to the point are the Government's economies in army reduction, in retiring a large pro-

portion of the Ruhr forces, and in the discharge of many functionaries. Parliament must follow suit by voting no new expenditure unless accompanied by a corresponding tax.

This situation explains the recent course of Poincaré. He has announced that he will hold fast to the idea of increasing taxes to balance what is called the "Budget of Recoverable Expenditures." He has even proposed that decrees of the Government shall be considered law subject only to the approval of Parliament. In the meantime the two committees on which the American bankers are sitting are at work finding out what can be done to stabilize the German currency and balance the German Budget. The committee of which General Dawes is chairman has moved to Berlin to continue its investigation there, and to lay before the German Government a plan for a gold bank, to be administered internationally, as a means of stabilizing German currency.

Apparently the French have great confidence in what these two committees are doing, and this confidence probably accounts for the backing which Poincaré has received in his attempt to see that France keeps her currency stable and restores the balance of her Budgets.

Emmett Holt, Life-Giver

FATHERS as well as mothers numbering hundreds of thousands have reason to honor the memory of Luther Emmett Holt with their gratitude. No one can estimate the happiness which this one man scattered throughout the world. No

one can imagine what his clear head and sympathetic understanding did for the vigor of young men and women to-day who owe their health and in many cases their lives to the feeding and care which they received in childhood as the result of Dr. Holt's directions. All this service he rendered through a little book, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

Every mother before her first child is born ought to have this little book at hand. And because these hundreds of thousands of mothers have had it at hand, they have been able to start their children in life physically right. It is in the form of questions and answers. The questions are just those which every mother is likely to ask. Those questions for the most part concern the normal, physical needs of the healthy baby, and the answers are simple, clear, brief, and precise. Dr. Holt seemed to understand exactly the sort of direction that mothers need and yet cannot be all the time receiving from a physician because they do not always have a physician at hand. These directions were not concerning the treatment of illness. The old-fashioned family medicine book that the mother of the family used to take down whenever the child had a fever was not in any sense a predecessor of Dr. Holt's book. Indeed, Dr. Holt's book had no predecessor, so far as we know. It tells what the child should wear and drink and eat, and how the child should sleep, and how the child should be trained in normal habits. There is no moralizing in the book, but the moral effect of it is incalculable.

Dr. Holt was born in Webster, not far from Rochester, New York; he graduated from the University of Rochester, and then from the Medical Department, now the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Columbia. He early made the care of children his specialty; at the medical school from which he graduated he was Professor of the Diseases of Children; he was a member of the editorial board of the "American Journal of Diseases of Children;" he was physician-in-chief of the Babies' Hospital in New York, and was prominent in other ways as a children's specialist. He died last month while on a visit, as a medical lecturer, to China. The medical profession recognized him as one of its leaders; the community in which he lived, New York City, knew him for his public spirit; but nowhere was he held in higher esteem than in the multitude of homes into

which he came through his book as a wise, friendly, and understanding counselor.

The Passing of a Great American Scholar

THE teaching, the internationally recognized scholarship, and the fine personal influence of Basil L. Gildersleeve enable us to take comfort in the fact that America, besides her triumphs in engineering and finance, can also produce a scholar of the very first rank.

There is no need to mention in detail his list of scholastic achievements and honors. His long life of ninety-three years was replete with such matters, and they, since his recent death, have been published completely in the press. He was able to make Latin and particularly Greek into living languages, contrary to the results attained by a considerable majority of our teachers of these languages, who seem to believe that these ancient tongues are dead in thought as well as in practice.

Regardless of how one may feel concerning the much-disputed question of teaching the "classics" in schools, one point is certain. Taught purely as a matter of technique, taught after the antiquarian manner, with interest merely in the mechanical forms of the speech of long-past and half-forgotten peoples, the languages of the classics can well become a real burden, causing a distaste, if not a violent dislike, even among those pupils most likely to be interested, to whom a living knowledge of Greek and Latin would come to have an inestimable value.

Basil Gildersleeve made these ancient tongues alive because they were alive to him. They lived with him. He did not think so much concerning Greek and Latin as he actually thought in Greek and Latin. He achieved the almost impossible feat of bringing to his pupils at Johns Hopkins a deep appreciation of the literatures he loved in the natural languages of those literatures.

Dr. Gildersleeve, then, may well for many years stand out as a fine exemplar of American scholarship at its best, as the author of excellent text-books, as the founder and editor of the "American Journal of Philology," as the writer of a matchless study of the odes of Pindar, as the recipient of many scholastic degrees and honors. But it is likely that much longer will last his memory as one who breathed a spirit of life into the

great literatures of Greece and Rome and made them really significant to others as they were significant to him.

The Freeman Freed from Mortal Coils

ON March 5 perishes the "Freeman," a weekly periodical about which it would be unfair to quote Wordsworth's lines on Lucy. There were those who loved it and those who praised it, although the "Freeman" itself loved but little and praised absolutely nothing. As with other radical weeklies, its support came from capitalist sources, one of its editors, Mrs. Helen Swift Neilson, a daughter of the president of Swift & Co., packers, having supported it for four years.

In appearance it was the height of conservatism, having the sober and excellent typographical dress of a British review. It was written in admirable English, and humor which was not tinged with bitterness occasionally crept into its articles. For the most part its manner was that of tired disillusionment, of a weary distaste for powers and principalities, of a faint mockery for all souls so simple as to think that it really mattered if Democrat beat Republican, if Republican defeated Democrat, or if Socialist beat them both. Readers who applied themselves diligently reported that a mild enthusiasm could be detected in its pages for one thing only: the single tax. All else, as in Bunthorne's song, was hollow, hollow. And all was for the worst in this worst of possible worlds. Its chant was a moan, but it was always a polite and well-bred moan.

The Miracle

ALTHOUGH "The Miracle" is not the most notable play, it is without question the most notable theatrical production New York has ever seen. When in the summer it was announced that Max Reinhardt, the greatest master of the stage in Europe, was to produce his most striking success, collaborating with the leading stage designer in America, Norman Bel-Geddes, in one of the largest theaters in New York, a number of people feared that too many superlatives might spoil the production. When the opening night was three times postponed because of the unexpected magnitude of the preparations, pessimism spread. There was a feeling that anything so pretentious as "The Miracle" purported to be must collapse of its own weight. Peo-

ple were reminded of the description in I Kings vi of the building of Solomon's temple, and in truth, except that they spoke in feet instead of cubits, accounts of the conversion of the Century Theater into a cathedral as a setting for Reinhardt's production read much like the Bible one. Only a stage designer could appreciate fully the problem and the obstacles that lay in the way of changing a great round theater with its ornate galleries, boxes, and proscenium arch into a Gothic cathedral with a high vaulted roof and glorious stained-glass windows. It was no mere stage set that was required, but a new building within the old.

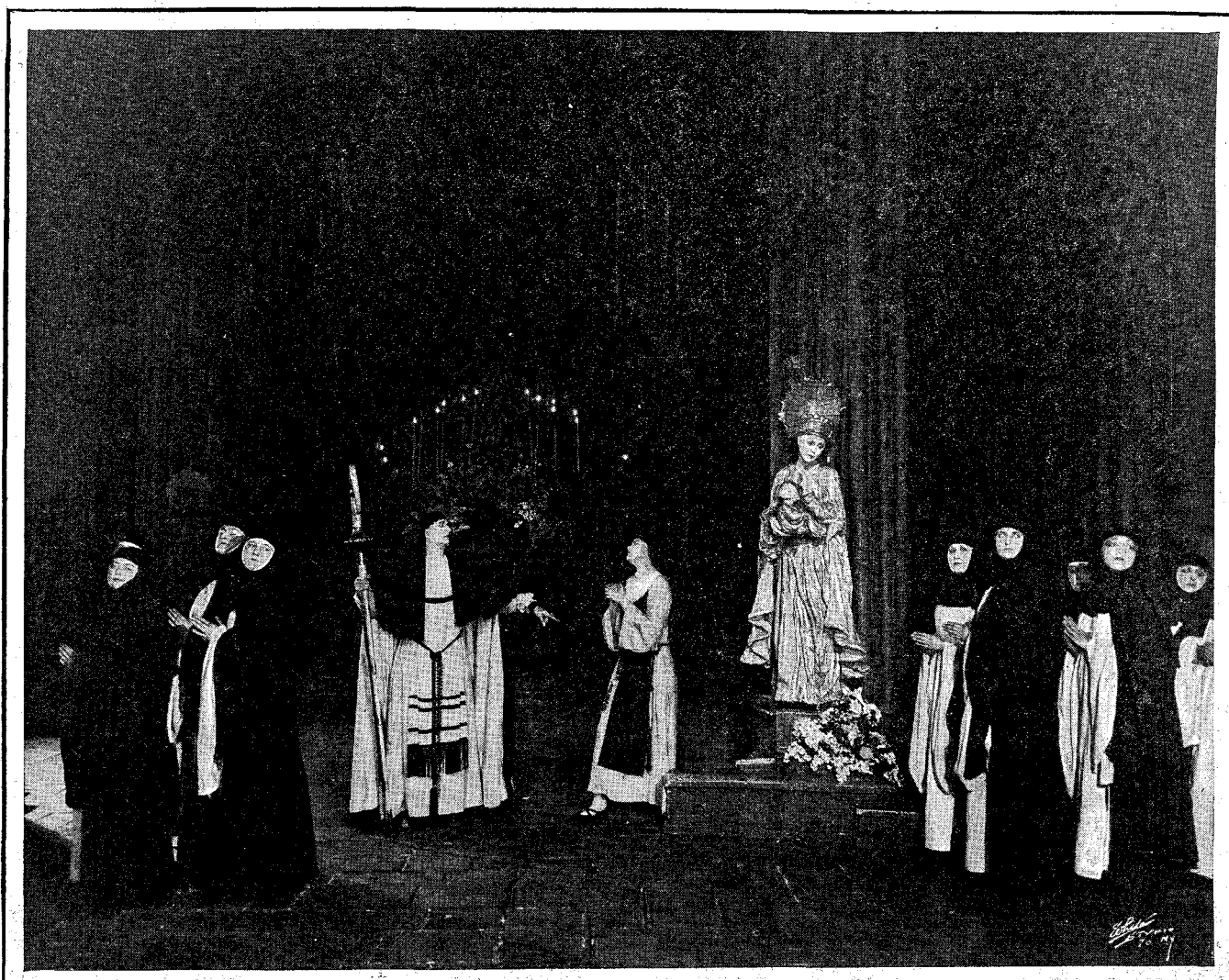
There is no curtain nor any division between the stage and the rest of the theater, for the stage has become the apse of the cathedral in which the audience is sitting. Beyond two lofty fluted pillars the iron altar screen guards its precious treasure. The apse is dim, smoky with incense, gaining its light from tall candles and from the great surrounding jeweled windows. A smell of incense fills

the house, drifting up through the worn mediæval standards that hang from the galleries, by the magnificent rose windows, into the darkness of the vault above. The whole place has an air of solidity, of mellow age, and impressive, beautiful dignity.

No one knows when the play begins, as movement seems to be continual and natural. A young man in a black robe wanders about swinging a golden censer in the apse and through the aisles among the arriving spectators. The white-haired sexton shuffles round the altar with his long candle-lighter. The reverent voice of some one praying before one of the shrines is sometimes audible through the music of the organ. As a group of nuns robed in contrasting black and white come quietly into the apse others can be heard singing in the cloister. Two younger nuns help the feeble old sister sacristan to ring the small bell, which is a signal for a tremendous, stirring outburst from the great cathedral bells calling to vespers.

Guided by Reinhardt's masterly hand, the action of "The Miracle" blends perfectly into its setting. Hardly realizing what is taking place, the audience is drawn into the spirit of the play that soon surges and sweeps about it. Illusion is transmuted to reality. The dramatist, Karl Vollmoeller, built his play around the mediæval legend of a young nun fleeing from the church, whose place is taken by a miraculous statue of the Virgin which comes to life, returning to her place as an image on the return of the disillusioned girl. It was chosen for production in this country, not only because of its overwhelming success in Europe and England, but because it displayed the work of Reinhardt at its best. The play is an unusual and somewhat incomprehensible mixture of simple religious legend, symbolism, and spectacle. Withal it is a pantomime; yet a far from silent one with its cries and shouting mobs, its praying, music and singing, and pealing bells.

The central part of the play occupies



Photograph by White Studio

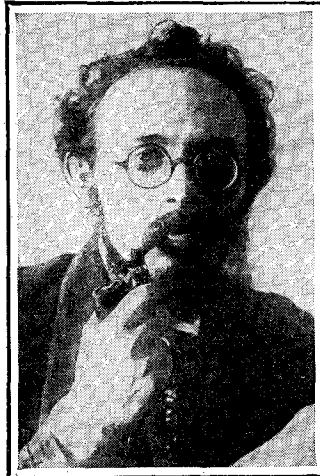
The Abbess (Mariska Aldrich) sentences the nun (Rosamond Pinchot) to spend the night in prayer at the foot of the statue of the Madonna (Lady Diana Manners) in Scene 1 of "The Miracle," at the Century Theater, New York City



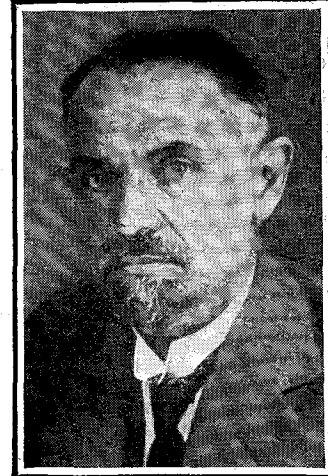
Kamenev



Trotsky



Radek



Krassin

itself with a spectacular representation of the misfortunes of the unhappy nun in the world to which she has fled. The scenes, which are not long, melt one into another. There is a greenwood, the banquet hall of a robber count, an emperor's palace, a public square; yet all are only suggested within the frame of the cathedral that clings persistently in the runway girl's mind. No part of the long performance, however, is more moving than the early scene where, in a rising frenzy of prayer, the poor, the lame, the blind and infirm beseech the Virgin for relief from their sufferings, a scene that reaches its climax with the miraculous healing of a crippled piper, who rises unsteadily from the stretcher on which he has been carried into the cathedral. In all its claims on the emotions the play never again overwhelms the audience as in this first powerful scene. The spectators are swallowed up body and mind in the throng of worshipers. It marks the highest peak of Reinhardt's achievement; an achievement so fine that, whether it continues for a year or for a month, it will be remembered as a notable event in the history of the American theater.

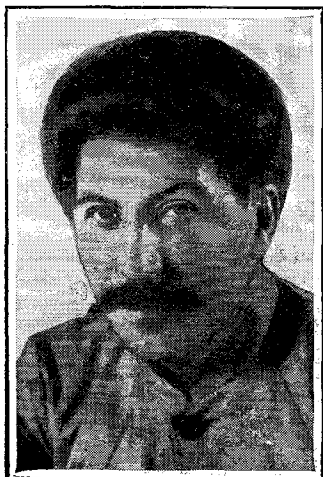
What Next in Russia?

PREDICTIONS about Russia are profitless. One had better be chary about guessing at what is going to happen now that Lenine is dead. Four years ago the end of the Bolshevik régime seemed to many to be not far off. To-day the Bolsheviks are still in power. Nevertheless in one sense what was expected has come to pass; for the Communism of 1918 has virtually disappeared. The Bolsheviks have kept in power by abandoning, or at least substantially modifying, what was first known as Bolshevism. The only thing that seems certain in the future is that this process of modification is to continue.

With Lenine dead, the natural question has been, Who will succeed him? He was a strange combination of doctrinaire and opportunist, and he has left behind him some doctrinaires and some opportunists, but no one who stands out apparently as destined to unite opportunists and doctrinaires as he did. Among the score of men mentioned as possible candidates to succeed Lenine, if Lenine is to have a successor, there is a very wide variation of temperament and character.

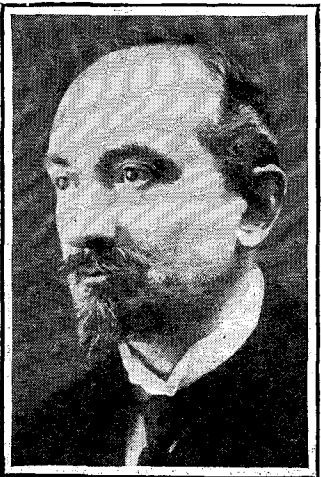
Before Lenine died it was generally assumed, even in Russia, that Kamenev was the logical successor of Lenine. This was not because he was at all like Lenine, for he is not, but rather because he was considered safe. He is a good practical politician without brilliance. In assisting the work of the American Relief Association he was very useful. He speaks English, and is among those Bolsheviks who can "listen to reason."

Much better known than Kamenev, but apparently less likely to succeed Lenine, or even to have very great influence, is Trotsky. His name has been as intimately coupled with Lenine's as Mr. Shean's is with Mr. Gallagher's, but he has not been the leader that Lenine has been in the political development of Bolshevik theory or practice. He is extraordinarily versatile. He has written about a great variety of subjects, from the new family life of Russia to the new art of the theater; from the army to the planning of model towns. He has been intoxicated by his own success. A correspondent of ours recently in Russia says that Trotsky's enthusiasm for the Revolution, as an almost mystical regenerator of Russia, could doubtless have been



Courtesy New York "Tribune"

Stalin



Tchitcherin



Zinoviev



Kalenin

psychoanalyzed as the transfer of his own exaltation to outside things; he saw the Revolution transforming *them* because it had transformed *him*. He has built up the army, and, though originally an internationalist and pacifist, he has become one of the most powerful militarists in Europe. He has great nervous energy, magnetism, and dash—all the things which Kamenev lacks—but he is unstable, and, compared with Lenine, egoistic. He could never take Lenine's place. He is the Revolution's controversialist rather than its leader. It is reported that he has not been well lately, and has been so much suppressed by other Bolshevik leaders that he will probably be kept from the forefront of Russian affairs.

Radek has been called the *enfant terrible* of the Revolution. He is a wit, a brilliant pamphleteer. He enjoys revolution for revolution's sake. He is one of the few Bolsheviks who have something like genius. His, however, is the genius less of the statesman than of the writer and the critic.

A man mentioned in despatches from Russia as likely to take Lenine's place is Stalin. He has not, however, figured very prominently, so far as observers from outside of Russia have noted; but he was one of Lenine's confidants. His name, which means *steel*, is one which he has assumed. His real name is Jugashvili. He is not a Russian proper, but a Georgian. He is now senior secretary of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party, which makes him a power behind the throne.

Zinoviev is regarded as a demagogue pure and simple, one of the wildest of the gang. He is a sort of "Boss" of Petrograd—or Leningrad, as it is now called—and belongs to the more radical wing, for Petrograd has always been more radical than Moscow. Unless the drift is much more to the Left or radical wing of the party than it appears to be, Zinoviev will not be likely to accomplish much.

Tchitcherin is one of the best known of the Bolsheviks outside of Russia, because he has figured so much in negotiations with other nations. His place, however, is in the Foreign Office. He is a member of an old noble family, and has been trained for diplomacy, and it is doubtful whether any one in Russia thinks of him otherwise than as a professional diplomat.

Krassin, formerly the agent of the Soviet Government in London, and negotiator with Lloyd George for a sort of economic recognition of Russia, is not

regarded as among the foremost of the candidates. He is rather a business man than a statesman. In Krassin's place in London is Rakovsky, but he lacks the personal acquaintance with the rank and file that would naturally put him in the front line of possible successors to Lenine.

To Kalenin as a possible successor to Lenine few people, if any, in Russia seemed before Lenine's death to give very serious thought, and yet he has more of Lenine's quality in some ways than any other man. He is simple and direct, canny, humorous, and likable; in fact, he is a peasant himself, or, as we should say, a small farmer. He is thoroughly Russian, not Jewish, in type, and is known and loved by the peasants all over Russia and has their confidence. His hold on the peasants, however, is due to the fact that, as he travels throughout the country and meets them face to face, he is regarded as one of them, rather than to any statesmanlike qualities.

It appears that Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Kalenin have been somewhat losing prestige, for they ran behind in the votes cast for the recent election of the Presiding Council of Soviets.

It is possible that there may be no successor to Lenine as a unifying force in Russia. It is possible that, with Lenine's influence gone, there may set in a process of disintegration. It is possible that some man not now seriously considered may rise to power. In a country controlled as Russia is by a vast peasant population, controlling affairs locally, but with little consciousness of national politics, where irresponsible power has thrived under Czar and so-called proletarian dictatorship alike, the struggle towards democracy and real self-government must be slow and uncertain.

Seeing Straight

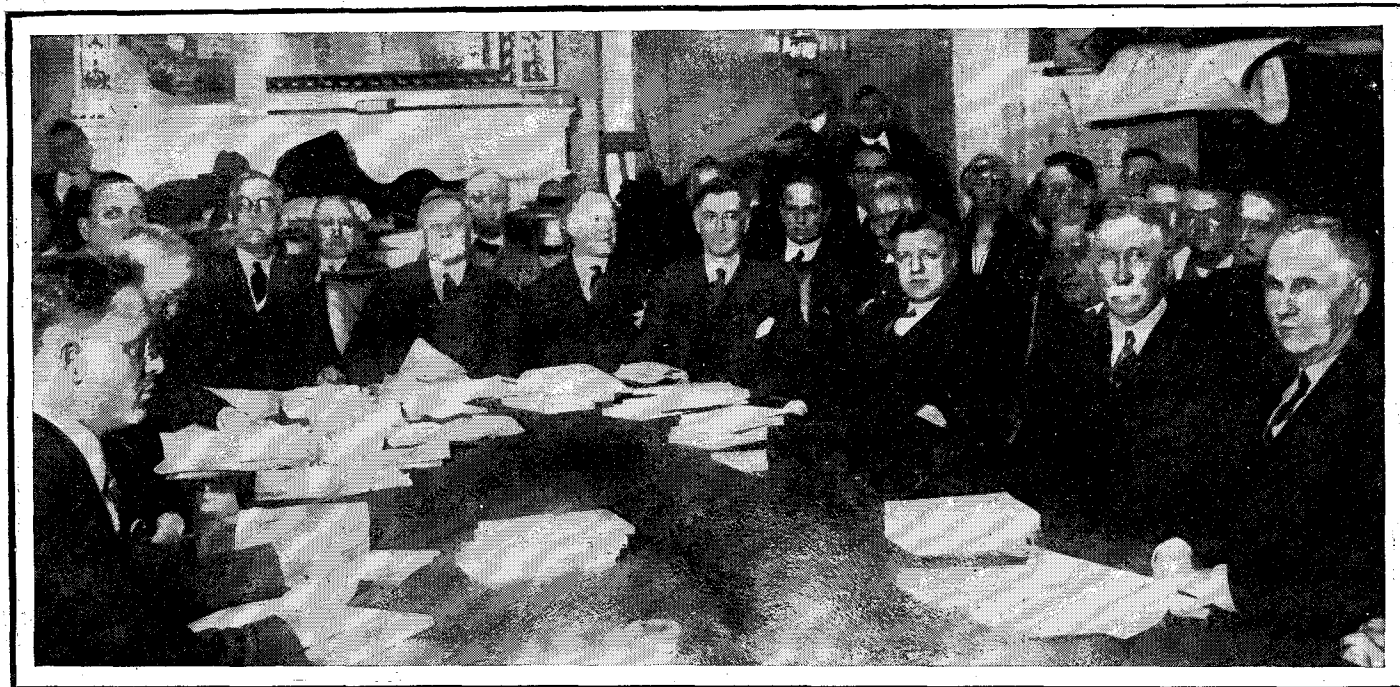
WHICH won? "Zev," said the judges; "In Memoriam," said others. The race was close, but the judges were looking straight across the finish line, while others were looking from an angle. The controversy over this horse-race is typical of many differences of opinion. Political party adherents are apt to view each other's candidates and platforms from the angle of partisanship. Individuals and groups in one organization are inclined to view those in another from the angle of suspicion and misinterpretation of motive. This angle viewpoint extends into business, social, and

domestic circles; encroaches upon friendships; interferes with generous, sincere effort; jeopardizes relationships within governments and between nations.

As a small child did you ever dispute with some young member of another family over the respective merits of other members of your families, with only blood loyalty as the basis of your reasons? Now, grown up, do we form opinions upon prejudice, surmise, friend, family, group, political or national loyalty? Probably you have tried this experiment: with both eyes open you have held a pencil in front of you in line with a distant object. You have shut one eye and found the pencil to be off at one side of the object. But the object and the pencil have been stationary. Only the angle of one-eye vision has made the apparent change. If we talked with members of opposing groups, free in their derision of each other, vicious in their charges, openly at war, we may frequently find that at heart they desired similar results, but each group looked at the other with one eye closed. They never looked at the other with eyes open, seeing straight, and finding their common object in the center of the picture. Often issues which could have been met fairly through seeing straight have been clouded. Imaginary differences have taken the place of mutual understanding. Petty obstacles which could have been laughed out of existence have become magnified barriers. Divorce courts have become crowded with cases which "seeing straight" could have settled out of court.

It can hardly be expected that felicities will spring up overnight in place of quarrelsome disturbances. But if people whose suffering from mutual injustices could, by some miracle of common sense, be led to place the apparent cause of their angle opinions in the center of the room, as it were, and each view the troublesome cause from all sides, seeing it straight, and then be quite fair with each other in the summing up, many relationships which have become tangled through blind prejudice, false judgment, misplaced loyalty, and unjust suspicion could be straightened out.

From our earliest days we are taught that two and two make four, not three or five. In numerous ways we are taught to reckon with the facts of life, and not with guesses. Can we teach ourselves the necessity of getting at the facts in any given situation before we make our pronouncements? Some of these facts are not always on the surface and have to be



International

The Oil Lease Investigation—The Senate Public Lands Committee in session at Washington. Right to left: Senator Cameron, E. L. Doheny, Senator Dill, Senator Pittman, Senator Walsh, Senator Lenroot, Senator Smoot

discovered. There may be need also for revision of our judgment in the light of fuller knowledge. Can we do this?

If we can, it is even possible for Church Fundamentalists to sit down with Church Modernists in the worship of their common God and join hands in serving their common tasks; even possible for white and black, rich and poor, Gentile and Jew, members of contending groups, estranged friends and embittered families, by "seeing straight," to discover new days, far more resplendent than the old ones of angle vision.

The Teapot Dome Scandal

NOT since the notorious Ballinger case has any scandal arisen in the Government comparable to that of the Teapot Dome and other oil leases. Before the committee of the Senate which is investigating these leases it has been established that Mr. Fall, late Secretary of the Interior under President Harding, received from two oil men, to whose companies as an agent of the Government he had leased vast oil resources, \$100,000 and \$25,000 respectively. There is no proof, and it is unlikely, that he received this money otherwise than as friendly loans. There is no proof that he received this money in consideration of any favor he had shown the men from whom he had received it; but it is stated on the direct authority of Edward L. Doheny, head of the oil interests that

leased oil resources from the Government in California, and of J. W. Zevely, friend and attorney of Harry F. Sinclair, whose company leased the Teapot Dome resources in Wyoming, that the money was transmitted to Secretary Fall.

It is perfectly conceivable that these rich oil producers lent this money without a thought of its relation to any Government transaction. It is characteristic of men who take big risks and make big profits quickly to be generous in lending money to intimate friends. To a man who reckons his profits in millions, \$25,000 or even \$100,000 might easily be regarded as a small matter. What has astonished and shocked the people of the country is the discovery that a member of the Cabinet, responsible for the people's property, should be so oblivious of what is fit and proper in a public servant as to let himself be placed in the position in which Mr. Fall finds himself.

What has made the matter worse is the appearance of an attempt to conceal the facts in the case. It is true that this may not be an actual attempt to conceal them, but simply an unfortunate lapse of memory and misunderstanding. The difficulty, however, that the committee has had in eliciting the facts has not made the public impatience any the less.

Last week we gave an account of the testimony of Archibald Roosevelt, son of President Roosevelt, in which he told of his suspicions which led him to resign from his position with the Sinclair interests. In that testimony he said that he understood that checks for \$68,000 had

been sent by Mr. Sinclair to the manager of Mr. Fall's ranch. At that time, the secretary of Mr. Sinclair said that he thought he had said something about six or eight cows which Mr. Roosevelt seemed to understand to refer to \$68,000. Later Mr. Sinclair's secretary refreshed his memory and acknowledged that there were checks of \$68,000 referred to at the time, but these checks were sent, not to the manager of Mr. Fall's ranch, but to the trainer of Mr. Sinclair's horses. Meantime, however, Mr. Sinclair's attorney acknowledged the sending of \$25,000 to Mr. Fall.

After it became known that Mr. Doheny, whose companies had leased the California resources, had sent \$100,000 to Mr. Fall as a loan without security, the Senate investigating committee received word from Mr. Doheny that, under conditions which would reimburse his company for expenditures, he stood ready to cancel the leases and turn the property back to the Government.

Early Sunday morning, January 27, in fact very soon after midnight, President Coolidge issued a statement in which he pointed out that he was not a judge in civil cases and could not render verdicts. But he announced that he had been advised by the Department of Justice "to employ special counsel of high rank drawn from both political parties to bring such action for the enforcement of law." He concluded his statement by saying, "Counsel will be instructed to prosecute these cases in the court so that if there is any guilt it will be punished; if there

is any civil liability it will be enforced; if there is any fraud it will be revealed; and if there are any contracts which are illegal they will be canceled. Every law will be enforced and every right of the people and the Government will be protected." Prior to the issuance of that statement, but, as it is reported, before word could be received from Congress by the President, the Public Lands Committee of the Senate had agreed upon a resolution calling for the appointment of special counsel to take control over civil and criminal action in relation to these leases.

If this were a matter affecting ordinary public lands, the situation would be bad enough, but it affects oil resources which had been set aside as a reserve for the use of the Navy. The story of these reserves and of the influence brought upon the Government to lease them runs back to the Wilson Administration. In 1916 there was an acute struggle between those who favored the leasing of these naval reserves and those who vigorously opposed it. Among those in opposition was Gifford Pinchot. The controversy which he had with Secretary Lane, who favored the leasing of these reserves, was vigorous. That occurred before Congress had empowered the Secretary of the Interior to lease oil lands. At that time, and again later, when Congress provided for leasing the oil lands, it was argued that oil wells outside the reserved area would draw the oil out of the reserve and that the best thing the Government could do would be to lease these lands and so gain some advantage from the lease. Secretary Lane, whose integrity is beyond question, concluded that, however desirable a large reservoir underground might be, where it would be available for use at any time without loss from evaporation and from other causes, it was impracticable to attempt to keep the oil there. The Navy Department opposed Mr. Lane. Later, under the Harding Administration, Secretary Fall, Mr. Lane's successor, leased the oil lands, and in doing so received the consent of Secretary Denby of the Navy. Now there is a demand not only for the punishment of any who may be involved in the transaction corruptly but also for the dismissal from office of those who failed, if fail they did, to guard with sufficient circumspection and care the property of the Nation which might be greatly needed in war time.

All Americans, without regard to party, will welcome President Coolidge's

strongly expressed determination to root out the facts and to allow punishment for any dereliction in duty to fall where it may. An increasing number of citizens will also demand that, if any negligence or incompetence has been shown, those who have been negligent and incompetent should be dismissed from office. It is not sufficient that public

servants should be merely free from corruption. It is also necessary that they should not be foolish, credulous, dilatory in action, or inefficient. We hope that the President will make it clear to the country that he proposes not only to punish the guilty and protect the Nation's property, but also to turn out those who have not been faithful and wise trustees.

A Unique Memorial

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT is a platitude to say that personality is as great a factor in education as erudition. But it is a platitude that deserves to be recalled to mind in these days of scientific pedagogics, when encyclopædic questionnaires are offered as tests of the educated man and schoolchildren are ranked by index numbers—or, as the technical phrase goes, by their Intelligence Quotients.

The great names in the history of teaching are those of men and women who influenced their pupils by *being* quite as much as by *knowing*. Socrates, Erasmus, Colet, Jowett of Balliol, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, Mark Hopkins of Williams, Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke, were not inventors of systems. They did not write treatises. They did not teach in accordance with preconceived and elaborate schemes of psychology. They had a way with them, if I may be permitted to use that lovely Irish idiom. They gave, not lectures, but themselves to their pupils. It is true that we speak of the "Socratic method," but we invented the term, not Socrates. He had principles, but he would have been astonished, I imagine, if he had been told that he was the founder of a pedagogical system. He was Socratic because he was at all times simply Socrates.

I know a group of men in New York, successful in business, politics, and the professions, who meet once a year at dinner and maintain among themselves in this way an organization of friendship which they call the Smith Club. They chose the name more than twenty-five years ago, when they were boys together in a public school on the lower East Side, gratefully to honor a remarkable teacher who was principal of their school. The history of education does not know the name of H. W. Smith; I doubt if he ever had any academic honors; it is not likely that he is recorded in any "Who's Who" of the educational world. But, although

his life ended some years ago, the influence of his personality goes on extending in an ever-widening circle. For he not only touched and shaped and mellowed and strengthened the lives of the members of the Smith Club, but something of his mind and spirit will be, although they may not know it, a living part of the minds and spirits of their children and their children's children.

To the roll of New York teachers—and it is a great roll—who have put something of themselves into the very fiber of their pupils' being there should be added the name of Clara Spence. Miss Spence died last summer, after having been for more than a quarter of a century the head of a well-known New York school for girls. It was very often spoken of by those who knew it only by name as a fashionable finishing school. I never could understand, however, why the daughters of the neglected rich should not have the same kind of sympathy and personal influence that H. W. Smith gave to his boys in Rivington Street. The fact is that the fundamental spirit of Smith, the public school teacher, and Spence, the private school teacher, although they worked in totally different environments, was exactly the same. They strove and yearned, not only to develop the individual qualities and talents of their pupils to the highest possible point, but so to train them that they would become citizens of real service in the community.

I suppose I shall be considered very mid-Victorian if I say that the greatest service which a woman can render to the community is to become the radiating center of family life. If she has the gifts to become a great artist or writer or scientist like Duse or Rosa Bonheur or George Eliot or Mary Somerville or Madame Curie, by all means let her be that. But let her not abandon, at least as an avocation, her great rôle of home-

maker. I never talked with Miss Spence about this, although I met her once or twice, at least once saw her school in action, and heard her speak on one or two occasions of civic interest. But I am sure that she would have agreed that home-making is a work to be undertaken by every woman in some form or other. For, while teaching was Miss Spence's vocation, home-making in a somewhat original and very beautiful form was her avocation.

My attention was attracted to this unique work of Miss Spence's by an article entitled "The Adoption of Children," which was contributed eight years ago this month to *The Outlook* by the well-known children's specialist Dr. Charles G. Kerley. Miss Spence and her associate, Miss Baker, not only adopted children of their own, but organized a kind of clearing-house through which fatherless and motherless children might be placed by adoption in homes of parents who want children but have none of their own. This work, very quietly and modestly begun, has grown to surprising proportions. The stories of the happiness which it has brought into the lives of men and women and children are delightful to read. I have no mind to belittle the noble work in saving childhood which is done by State institutions and highly organized philanthropic societies. But Miss Spence's work had the touch of the individual hand, which cannot always

be given in a great institutional work, however fine it may be. This individual touch was so perfectly defined by Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, of Barnard College, in an address at the Spence School Commencement last May that I quote from it the following passage:

Some years ago I first came to know, through Miss Spence and Miss Baker, the beautiful work of placing children in childless homes, in which now the Spence Alumnae and other groups in other cities are happily following their example. There is, I suppose, what might be called a technique of child placing. You must take the children and keep them in hygienic surroundings and clothe them properly and feed them with suitable diet, and you must investigate prospective parents and find that they are respectable and reliable. You might do all this with correct technique, however, and it might be well done, but not with a touch of distinction and beauty. The Spence-Baker method, I gathered, did all this with proper technique; but what a vast deal more! They put heart and spirit and imagination into it; they made the children not only healthy and clean but adorable. They dressed them in pretty clothes and tied their hair with pink ribbons—I think they were pink!—so that they warmed the hearts of the prospective parents with enthusiasm and affection, and they managed to give to each home, not only a child, but also a love of childhood and appreciation of what a privilege it was to receive a child into one's household. And so they planted in

many families seeds of real affection and sympathy, born of their own insight and affection and kindly hearts.

Miss Spence has gone. But her work still lives, carried on by the loyal graduates of her school, in whom she instilled the love of home-making and home-protection. The Spence Alumnae Society, an incorporated body, maintains a house where babies are brought by the Child Finding Committee and placed in the charge of the Child Caring Committee. Competent physicians and nurses put the children in the best possible physical condition and the Home Finding Committee seeks foster parents best suited for each individual case. The Society is now endeavoring to raise an endowment fund of \$200,000 to place this beautiful work on a sure and permanent foundation as a memorial to Miss Spence. I learn from the appeal which has come into my hands that the financial advisers for the fund are some of the ablest bankers and business men of New York; that the Society charges no fees; that childless women from all over the country write to it asking for babies; and that there is always a waiting list of two hundred or more proffered homes.

A great teacher is not a fact giver, but a life giver. Is there not a kind of unique beauty in honoring the name of an inspiring teacher by a memorial which gives to the childless home the inspiration of a living child?

The Personnel of the British Cabinet

By HERBERT W. HORWILL

This is a brief "Who's Who" of the men upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of governing the somewhat divided but still United Kingdom. How long will they hold the reins of government?

IF it is desirable that the supreme governing body of the United Kingdom should include representatives of the various strata of British society, the new Cabinet enjoys to an unprecedented degree the advantage of such catholicity. Its members are singularly diverse in personal qualities, in social antecedents, and in experience of public life.

The Prime Minister himself is one of the so-called "intellectuals" of the Labor Party. Though he never toiled in the mine or at the bench, his beginnings were as humble as those of any of his colleagues, and he created his own opportunities of advancement. In Rosebery,

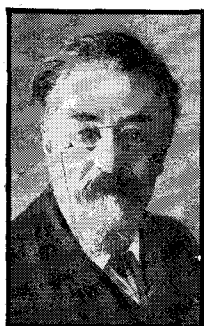
Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, and Bonar Law Scotland has had quite her fair share of recent British Premiers. J. Ramsay MacDonald is of a type very different from any of these, but one that is no less characteristically Scottish. His persistence in overcoming early obstacles of poverty and obscurity, his diligence as a student and writer, his firmness of purpose in holding to his convictions in defiance of hostile public opinion, to say nothing of his accent, all bespeak his northern origin.

If there is any variety of Englishman who might be mistaken for a Scot it is the Yorkshireman, and it is Yorkshire that has given the new Cabinet its Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, to whom much of the above description of his chief would equally apply. He, too, is of plebeian birth, and has earned his livelihood by the labor, not of hand, but of brain. Another of Labor's intellectuals is Sidney Webb, whose appointment as President of the Board of Trade will make it unnecessary to furnish the Cabinet room with a reference library on economics and sociology. If such a library were provided, the products of his own pen would fill one of its most useful shelves. He declared his Socialism early in his career, for he was one of the founders of the Fabian Society. One of the first secretaries of that organization, Sir



Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer



Sidney Webb, President of the Board of Trade



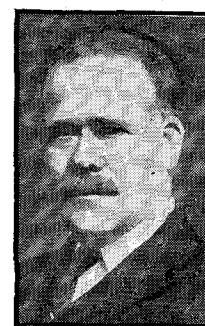
Sir Sydney Olivier, Secretary of State for India



John R. Clynes, Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader



Arthur Henderson, Home Secretary



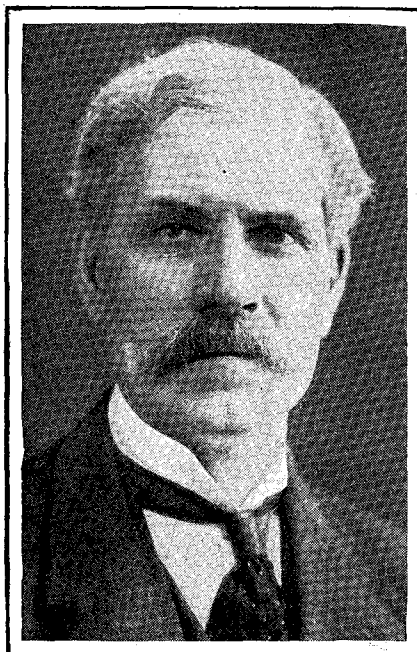
Stephen Walsh, Secretary of State for War

Sydney Olivier, will also sit in the new Cabinet. His selection as Secretary of State for India is a guaranty, if such were needed, of the friendliness of the Government to native aspirations. He spent more than ten years in Jamaica, first as Colonial Secretary and then as Governor, and his experience there has qualified him to handle, with knowledge as well as sympathy, the problems arising out of colonial administration.

Of the nine trade-union representatives in the Cabinet, three only—J. R. Clynes, Arthur Henderson, and Stephen Walsh—have already had experience of Government administration. They occupied official positions in one or other of the Coalition Ministries of the war period.

All these, intellectuals and trade-unionists alike, have been for many years members of the Labor Party or have otherwise been engaged in the advocacy of Socialism. Places have also been found for a few of the recruits that the party has lately gained from Liberalism. Charles P. Trevelyan, son of one distinguished historian and grandnephew of another, returns as head of the department to the Board of Education, whose Parliamentary secretaryship he resigned at the outbreak of the war. Noel Buxton, who is not only an authority on the Balkans, but an active promoter of farmers' co-operation at home, becomes Minister of Agriculture. Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, of the famous family of potters, also receives a portfolio.

But the most notable inclusions are those of the three peers—Lords Haldane, Parmoor, and Chelmsford. Intellectually the Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane, another Scotsman exhibiting some of the best characteristics of his race, will be a



Wide World Photos

Ramsay MacDonald
the new Prime Minister

tower of strength to the administration. He has one of the finest brains in England, and he applies it with untiring vigor to whatever subject may happen to demand his attention, whether philosophy or law or the reorganization of an army.

His range of knowledge and interests is so wide that he will be a valuable consultant, so to speak, on the affairs of any department. Lord Haldane belonged originally to that school of Liberal Imperialists which one would suppose to have as little affinity as Conservatism itself with the policies of Mr. MacDonald. What drew him to the Labor Party was his passion for educational reform. He discovered—so he declared in a confession of his political faith about a year ago—that of the three parties Labor alone was really alive to the necessity of an intelligent democracy as the basis of sound government and was earnestly endeavoring to bring opportunities of education within the reach of all. For that reason especially he had transferred to it his political allegiance.

To have predicted ten years ago that Lord Parmoor would one day sit in a Labor Cabinet would have been to risk being taken by one's friends for examination by an alienist. He was one of the stoutest champions of political Toryism and ecclesiastical privilege, and, as he was then over sixty years of age, any serious modification of his views would have seemed inconceivable. His approach to the Labor Party was by a different route from Lord Haldane's. He is an eminent lawyer with an ardent devotion to the safeguarding of constitutional rights. The various infractions of personal liberty during the war, notably the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, aroused his earnest protests, and moved him away



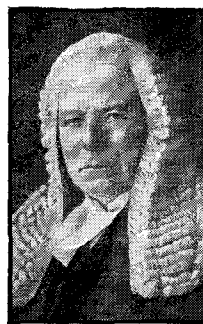
Charles P. Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education



Noel Edward Buxton, Minister of Agriculture



Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster



Lord Haldane, Lord Chancellor



Lord Parmoor, Lord President of the Council



Lord Chelmsford, First Lord of the Admiralty

from his party moorings. His alienation from Toryism was completed by the blockading of Germany after the Armistice, which he denounced as a violation of both law and equity. His presidency of a society for the relief of post-war distress on the Continent brought him the acquaintance of its secretary, a Quaker lady, who has since become his second

wife. He will enter *con amore* upon the task of organizing British efforts for making the League of Nations a more effective instrument of international peace.

No clear account has yet been given of what has brought Lord Chelmsford into this company as First Lord of the Admiralty. We are left to infer what we can from his record, which includes eight

years spent as Governor of Queensland and New South Wales successively, where he was able to observe close at hand the working of advanced democratic methods of government, and five years as Viceroy of India, in which capacity it fell to his lot to introduce the extensive reforms embodied in the Government of India Act of 1919.

When the Klan Rules

The Power of Invisibility

By STANLEY FROST

THERE has seldom been an organization so amazingly well designed for getting what it wants as is the Ku Klux Klan. One has to go back to the unproved stories of the secret and deadly workings of the lay branch of the Society of Jesus three hundred years ago for a parallel. For the Klan is able, not only to make its will effective—startlingly effective considering its numbers—but to do so with almost complete immunity and to leave those whom it attacks beating the air, helpless to strike back.

This is no accident; the Klan has been planned and built for just this end. It is the offspring of extremely able brains, probably those of General Forrest and his associates in the sixties, with improvements added by experience. It is devised to permit a minority, even a minute minority, to multiply its power, to strike swiftly and silently, and to remain secure. So long as its oaths hold and its members are steadfast it can do this almost perfectly.

Every least thing about the Klan is made to contribute to this. Just as its spirit is one of reform and its basic idea is native, white, Protestant supremacy, so its purpose focuses in direct, militant, immediate action to put its spirit and its ideas into effect all along the line. It gathers together for this all the various forms of strength which have been described in previous articles—its secrecy, its appeal to instinct or prejudice, its careful organization, and, finally, the intense emotions it fosters—and drives the whole into effective action. How successful this action is will be told in the next article; the purpose of the present one is to study the elements of power in action which make such success possible.

The first of these elements is the militant and military organization, with its

DO you know that the Klan maintains a secret service of its own which contributes an important part of its power to influence public affairs? Stanley Frost describes the secret service of the Klan in this, the eighth of a series of independent but related articles.

autocratic control. This centers in the Imperial Wizard the power to order action without waste of time or confusing counsels, and it permits the sudden and concentrated use of all available strength that is possible only to despotism. And that is the avowed object of this form of organization. Says Paul S. Etheridge, the Imperial Klonsel:

"The form and character of our government is both in theory and practice military and in a sense autocratic. We ourselves have made it so. . . . Our Imperial Wizard is our Commander-in-Chief, and he is supreme within certain restrictions of the Constitution, and his decisions, decrees, edicts, mandates, rulings, and instructions are of full authority and must be unquestioningly recognized and respected by each and every citizen of the Invisible Empire.

"The military feature runs through all our plans of operation. . . . It has been pointed out that a similarity of operation exists between the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and the Roman hierarchy. . . . Let it be remembered that no form of government has developed such proficiency in handling the masses. . . . Some of the most iniquitous devices of the devil himself are operated upon plans of

the highest efficiency, but this does not mean that the devil owns the plans. . . . Why should not we adopt the methods employed by the arch-enemy which have proven their efficiency through twenty centuries, although we denounce the ends and purposes to which they have been diverted?

"There is another reason why our government must be military in character. Our organization is more than a secret order; it is a movement; in a sense, a crusade. Military discipline must be maintained because we, unlike purely civic bodies or civic governments, are sailing on uncharted seas. . . . It becomes essential that one general direct the march and that direction be accomplished only through a rigid military programme."

This rigid, concentrated power is backed up, in the first place, by very great control over the individual members, a discipline which is almost military in most ways. The words of the oath are clear: "I . . . will render at all times loyal respect and steadfast support to the Imperial Authority, and will heartily heed all official mandates, decrees, edicts, rulings and instructions," and so forth. There is no limitation in this and I find none in the Constitution, yet there are some things the Wizard could not order without breaking his own oath, and there is much evidence that the leaders would be afraid to attempt authority beyond certain points. For all ordinary purposes inside the aims of the Klan, however, the authority is complete.

The widest proof of this is the sudden ceasing of night-riding throughout the whole Klan when Dr. Evans got control and issued his reform orders. But there have been even clearer evidences of drastic control in local situations, such as those where Klansmen have submitted to

violence without retaliation. A State-wide demonstration was given in Oklahoma when Governor Walton's gunmen made really outrageous attempts to goad the Klansmen into some kind of violence that would have justified Walton's charges and have given him an excuse for military action.

White Comanches of Comanche

A typical performance was that at the town of Comanche, where the Klan had called one of those big open-air meetings so loved by farmers. There were to be speeches, bands, an initiation, and a big picnic dinner furnished by women of the churches. Some ten thousand people had gathered, when twenty-five of Walton's men appeared. They had no warrants, no official right to act even if their action had been legal, as it was not. They ordered the gathering to disperse, waved weapons, threatened the men, hustled the women, kicked over the baskets and tables of fried chicken and pie, and in general behaved as offensively as possible. There were enough fighting men in the crowd to have defeated them easily—Oklahoma has a good many half-reformed cowboys—and the Klan officials sweat blood before they finally got the crowd broken up in peace. The fact that during the whole Walton fight, with many cases like this, no single instance of Klan violence occurred, speaks volumes for the way Klansmen "heartily heed" their orders.

The third advantage derived from the military organization is the ability of the Klan to reach all its members on very short notice, and to get them into action with bewildering swiftness. There is an elaborate and costly system for this, and it works amazingly well, far better than an emergency call to a militia regiment, for example. There was a case in an Ohio city where the authorities—illegally—had forbidden any Klan meeting inside the county. At five o'clock one day a National Klan speaker arrived, word of a meeting began to be circulated about six, and at eight some fifteen thousand men had gathered in a field twenty miles away across the county line, though every one must have had to change his plans for the evening, and though none but the leaders knew where they were going when they started!

Another instance of swift work was given by the Klan in a Kentucky city. On the evening before an election it suddenly decided to put up a candidate; there was one brief newspaper advertisement, but there were no meetings and no visible campaign. Yet of 12,000 votes next day, this unknown man got 7,000!

Thus, with autocratic generalship, military discipline, and a perfect contact system with obedient forces, the Klan is able to plan campaigns without possibility of the plans becoming known, to act absolutely as a unit, to change its plans instantly and without confusion when necessary, and to throw its whole strength without warning and in an hour's time against whatever objective is chosen. Few generals have had a more perfect fighting machine.

But this is only a part of the Klan's strength in action; probably less than half. Its greatest advantages come from its secrecy, and these are so tremendously effective that it is easy to see why it holds to secrecy in the face of all criticism. It more than doubles the chance that the Klan will accomplish the things it has set out to do.

Dr. Evans spoke of some of these advantages in one of his talks with me.

"A force which is in the open and can be seen and calculated is far less feared by a corrupt official or an anti-American propagandist than one which he cannot see," the Wizard said. "It is far more difficult and less comfortable to undertake a conspiracy against good government or against Americanism if the conspirator has no means of knowing that the first man in whom he confides his plans may not be a Klansman.

"These advantages are very real and assist in carrying out the Klan's ideals. In an open democracy they would not be necessary and might be classed as unfair. In the present condition of the country, when it is necessary to combat organizations using these and even worse methods, it would be folly to surrender any advantage. When the time comes that the organizations referred to abandon their secrecy, the Klan will also willingly abandon it."

These fighting values of secrecy are worth looking into; the Imperial Wizard did not mention them all, nor say all that is worth noting of any of them. A study of the Klan at work shows at least seven different advantages which it gains in this way.

First is the fact that it can strike in the dark. There is no warning before the blow falls, no certain knowledge of what is behind it. It is seldom possible to say for sure even that it was the Klan that acted; it is never possible to know what men are responsible. A blow so struck is doubly effective against the man hit; it is bewildering to the onlookers.

In the second place, the Klan by this means is able to claim all success and to deny any failure. If the blow lands it can take the credit, but if it misses it either is never known or, if known, the

Klan can deny responsibility. In regard to things accomplished the advantage is the same. The Klan can take credit for actions which the community approves or fears, and deny blame for those which have not worked out to its advantage. Thus it is able to build up an aura of success, infallibility, and social service which may or may not be justified, but is never quite so well justified as appears.

A third great advantage of secrecy is the one mentioned by Dr. Evans—that it confuses the enemy. A man who is thinking of fighting the Klan does not know how great the force against him may be nor how to calculate his chances. It may have five members or five hundred, and all the instinct against jumping in the dark will make men keep peace with it if they can. When it comes to an actual struggle, it has all the advantages so well demonstrated by Gideon's band against the hosts of the enemies of Israel. The Klan might be beaten often if its foes kept their nerve, but very few men do keep their nerve against hard-hitting specters.

A Secret Service that Serves

The Klan's ability to get information is its fourth great advantage. It is not only the fact mentioned by Dr. Evans—that no one can be sure there is not some Klansman included in the most carefully laid plot who will lay all the details before the Klan officials—though this is disheartening enough. The great advantage is that there is likely to be some Klansman who will get hold of the most carefully guarded secrets of any kind, and that, with men everywhere, the higher Klan officials are able to run down whatever information they want, whether secret or not, with very little trouble. The fact that the membership is secret makes it impossible to guard against this.

I have had some contact with the espionage and secret service systems of great governments, and it seems to me that the Klan's is the best of them all. In all my talks with Klan officials I have been astounded at the extent and detail of their information. It seems to cover every man with whom they may have business, from Presidents to bootleggers, and to include an actually complete record of each. It covers also political and business deals, plots, log-rollings, plans, performances, past, present, and to come. It seems, on the whole, as accurate as such secret information ever is, though there are serious inaccuracies.

The Klan has a great bureau which collects, sorts, codifies, and prepares this material for use. It is a tremendous weapon. The power which it might give

the Klan over any man with a past, even over any man who does not want his whole life and business arrangements made public at any given moment, is almost incalculable, though I have not heard a whisper that it has ever been used in this way. It is also of great value in allowing the Klan to act with uncanny accuracy. And the very fact of its existence does have a blighting effect on all kinds of opposition.

All these things combine to give the fifth advantage—terror. It may not include fear of physical force, but it is none the less real. Where the Klan is active there is often actual panic among opponents. It is like the fear of ghosts; men who would stand willingly against heavy odds are demoralized by a vague, unformed, unseen, intangible specter, armed with unknown weapons and unguessed knowledge and clothed with a reputation for ruthless power and unvarying success.

The sixth advantage is that secrecy protects individual Klansmen against reprisals. They cannot be located, therefore cannot be hurt. Thus the best-known method of weakening an organized enemy—"sniping" the weaker members—is impossible against the Klan. Any blow which is struck in return must be aimed at the Klan as a whole.

And when such a blow is aimed usually there is nothing there to take it. This is the final and greatest advantage of secrecy. It is almost impossible to hit back at the Klan except through general legislation and court action, such as have been attempted so often—and so uselessly. Those whom the Klan attacks can never know when or where or how or against whom to launch their counter-attacks. They must remain forever on the defensive, which is the surest road to final defeat.

One more advantage of secrecy—not of immediate fighting value, but of great help to the Klan as a whole—should be mentioned. This is that it goes far toward preventing individual Klansmen from exploiting themselves, from using the Klan to further their own ambitions. This keeps the Klan campaign and purposes unified, prevents perversion of aims and waste of strength in side-issues. They do occur of course, but the rule of secrecy greatly limits them and the weaknesses that come from them.

There are two other great elements of strength in the Klan in action, neither directly due to either secrecy or organi-

zation. One is the careful spread of information among members; "education," as the leaders call it. This information is not always correct, but it does always support Klan purposes. The Klansmen are given reports about men and events from all over the country—reports that smack of "inside dope"—which strengthen their purpose and justify their actions. This helps much toward unity, intensity, and effectiveness.

The Power of Unified Faith

Last, and by no means the least, is that the Klansmen themselves believe, not only in the righteousness of their cause and its methods, but in its actual success. They believe that they are doing the things they set out to do, and can do them everywhere if they will hold together and take enough trouble. Thus they have the *morale, esprit du corps, éclat*, of a victorious army with all its incalculable value.

There is room for only one example of this kind of belief that success is being won; an excerpt from a letter written by a clergyman in a State where the Klan has been heard from so little that few people know it has any members there. Since I have no knowledge of the facts, I suppress the names, and give the letter merely to show how Klansmen believe the Klan is winning.

"For two decades," this minister writes, "Bishop Blank has held the State in the hollow of his hand by cleverly manipulating the Catholic vote. Those ballots have been handed to any one who would be most convenient and accommodating to Rome. But when the Klan came matters immediately changed, and the haughty Bishop received what rightfully belonged to him and the Church, and nothing more. You are doubtless familiar with what has been done in this city in a political way. Senator Richard Roe has been the leader in the movement to take the management of city and State affairs out of the Bishop's hands and place them in the keeping of all the people. This great work will certainly result in his being elected Governor in the November election. *Rome's political machine here has been wrecked.*"

So we find the Klan going into action with an amazing array of the accouterments of success: unity, secrecy, immunity to reprisal, the ability to inspire panic, wide information, and faith in victory. With such equipment it is no won-

der that it is accomplishing much, that it is expecting to do much more, that it is drawing increasing numbers into its march, and that its leaders set no limits to what may be done. Given another year or two at the present rate of growth, and the possibilities of its power stagger the mind.

This summary has taken no consideration of the fairness or viciousness of these elements of the Klan strength. It will be observed that none are illegal, that many are of the kind that are highly praised when found in organizations which we happen to approve, and that the worst of them are measures which are always held to be justified in warfare, no matter how despicable they may be in themselves. The Klan practices espionage, a sort of mental terrorism, a secret propaganda, attack from ambush. These are not new methods; every combatant uses them in war time, and they are not unknown to political and other organizations in this country even in peace.

Judgment on them must depend on one's judgment as to the motives and purposes of the Klan. The methods are undeniably dangerous; they are unfair in all ordinary circumstances, as Dr. Evans himself practically admitted. The Klan's justification is that war is needed, that it requires such methods, and that the Klan is not the first to use them, but has adopted them as the Allies adopted poison gas, since it has merely done the same things that are constantly being done by those whom it classes as enemies of the country. From this point of view, its only fault is that it has done them better. It can claim also in mitigation that its own aims are open, while those of the anti-American bodies and workers are not.

The Premise Once Admitted—

So it seems that, if one agrees with the Klan that the situation is serious enough to call for a vigorous campaign along the lines of the Klan programme, then the organization and strategy it uses cannot be seriously condemned, although they may cause grave misgivings. But it follows also that they must be abandoned at the earliest possible moment, and one must believe that the danger is very great and very imminent to justify such methods even temporarily. It will be recalled from Dr. Evans's statements that he admits both these judgments.

The success the Klan has had in actual operation and the details of the methods by which it makes this great strength effective will be taken up in the next article—"The Specter's Heavy Hand"

Who Called Philadelphia

Lithographs by

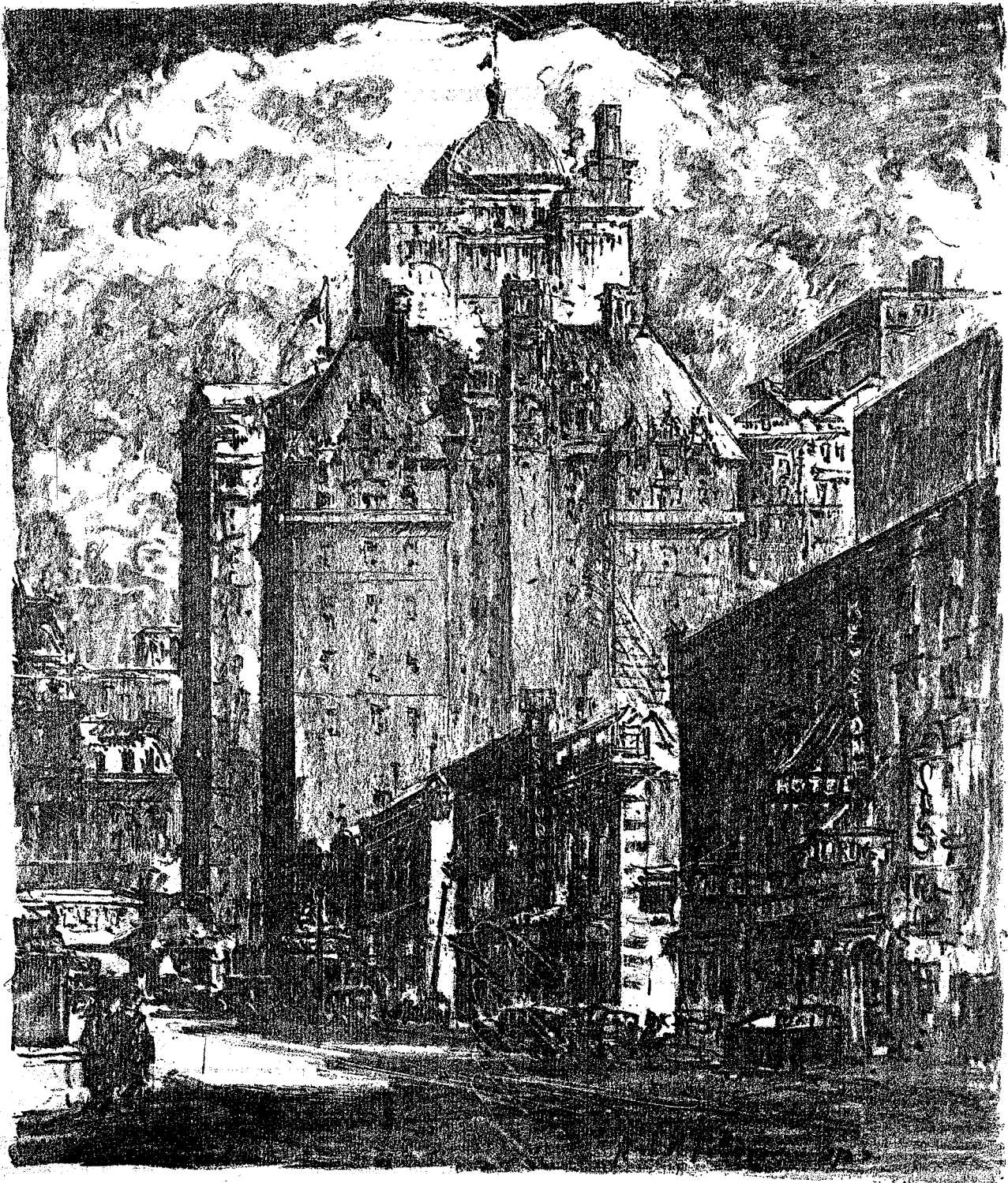


Broad and Chestnut Streets, perhaps the busiest corner in Philadelphia

The Girard Trust Building at the right, with façade modeled after the Parthenon. The Land Title Buildings in the center, with the Manufacturers' Club and the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel beyond

a Two-Story City ?

Herbert Pullinger



Fifteenth and Market Streets, with part of the City Hall at the left

The City Hall occupies Penn Square, though William Penn is said to have stipulated that this plot should always be kept open. The building with tower is the home of the Commercial Trust Company. The handsome old Harrison Building is nearer, with buildings of the older phase of the city in the foreground to the right. The bridge crossing Market Street to Broad Street Station can just be seen

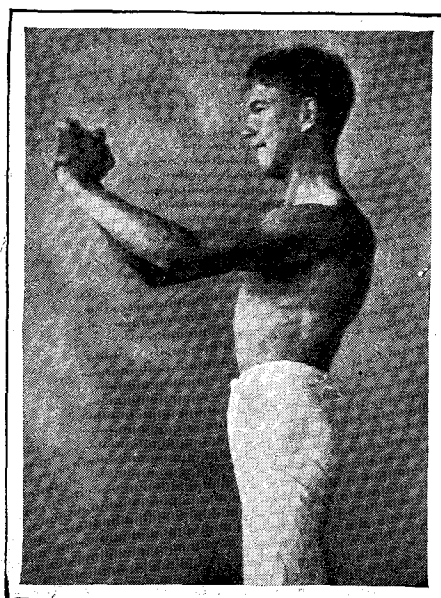
Bringing Up a Physical Score

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor's system of standardization is explained in a book published by the Academy Press, Orange, New Jersey. This volume is in use in hundreds of schools, both public and private

SOME little time ago, in The Outlook, the writer published a method of obtaining a "score" that might fairly represent a child's muscular development in relation to that child's type of build. Since that time there have been many inquiries concerning special exercises that might be used when a boy or a girl, on some specific measurement, should come below what might properly be expected for a child of that height and weight.

For instance, the most common deficiency has been in breathing capacity. Others have been interested in the bringing up of arms and shoulders. Now excellent exercises are almost a matter of common knowledge, but there is one type which the writer has found very satisfactory that is given far too little general use. This is the type that requires the exercise of one muscle against the resist-



No. 1

ceps are used. And as soon as fatigue begins stop the exercise. Reverse the hands and push outward with the right hand. Now the right triceps and left biceps are being used, and the exercise can be repeated in the new position until fatigue begins. It is amazing how rapidly this exercise will make up a deficiency in the measurement of the upper arm! And, as in other exercises of this nature, there is no violent strain of any kind. Now for shoulders and back.

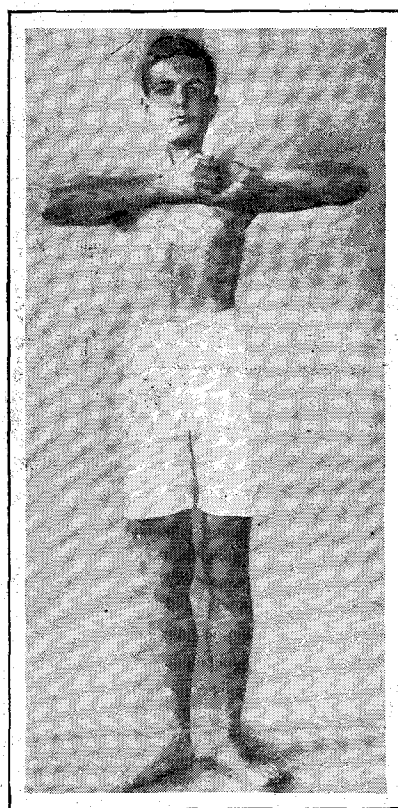
No. 2. Photograph No. 2 shows the position, the fingers of the hands being hooked strongly together. Now let the right hand pull the left slowly across the chest as far as the right shoulder, and then let the left hand pull the right across as far as the left shoulder, always resisting strongly with the hand being pulled. Here, again, you have one set of muscles

ance of other muscles. Such an exercise requires a mental effort of no mean order, and is hence more valuable for that very reason.

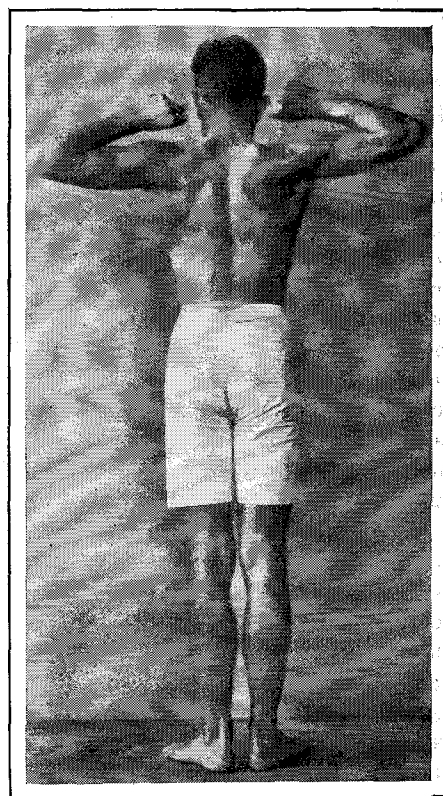
Children, especially in group exercises, are likely to go through their usual calisthenics with little thought and with as little effort as possible. And yet we can be fairly sure that a concentration of the mind on the muscles being exercised affects the exercise most favorably.

Here we have an example. A great many report upper-arm deficiency. This is common enough in cities where children really have small opportunity to exercise their arms and backs. Observe how simple and effective this exercise is:

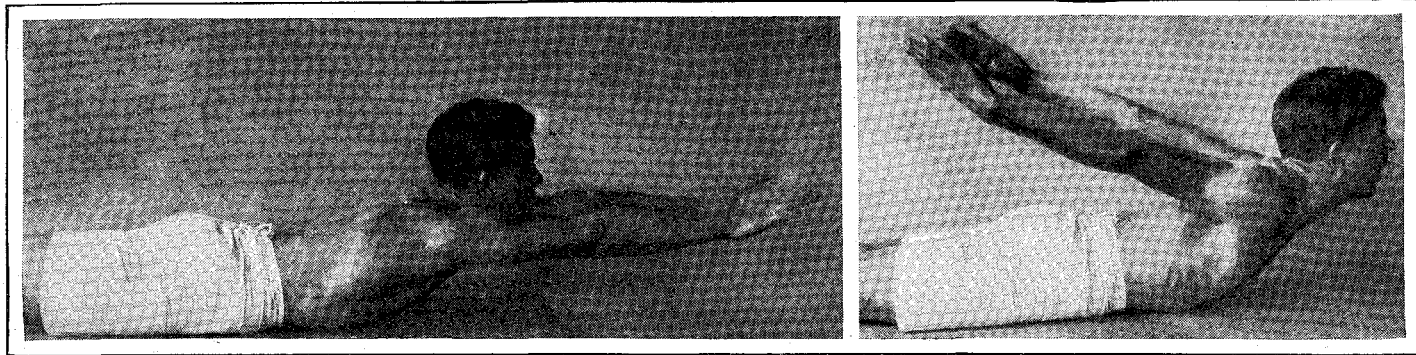
No. 1. Place the hands as in photograph 1, the palms together, one pushing outward and the other in. Let us say the left palm faces outward. Slowly, resisting strongly with the right hand, force the hands outward. Then, resisting strongly with the left hand, let the right hand force the hands back almost to the chest. This should be done slowly, taking three seconds for each motion. As described, the left triceps and right bi-



No. 2



No. 3



Nos. 4 and 5

acting against another set. The movement in one direction should take three seconds, and the exercise be ended as soon as fatigue sets in. You can see that in this exercise, as in the previous one, a strong mental effort is necessary, or there is no exercise at all.

No. 3. Another shoulder and back exercise of the "resistance" type. Clench the fists in front of the chest, elbows back and as high as the shoulders. Now slowly and resistingly move the fists upward and backward until they come about to the ears, as shown in Photograph No. 3. This photograph shows very well how the back and shoulder muscles are affected by the strong pull of the resisting muscles which would pull the hands forward. Now bring the hands back to first position without tension, and then move them back again, resisting strongly as before. Repeat until fatigue begins. This movement should take three or four seconds on the resisting motion, and two on the unresisting return to first position.

Nos. 4 and 5. Here are two closely allied back and shoulder exercises, not of the "resistance" type, but very valuable. Lie face down on the floor, arms extended ahead, hands about two feet apart. Lift hands and head *slowly* as high as possible. Photograph No. 4 gives the idea. Slowly return to first position. Repeat until fatigue begins. The second exercise is similar, except that it is begun with the hands at the side, and then the hands, head, and shoulders are raised slowly as high as possible (see Photograph No. 5). If you have some one illustrate the exercise for you, you could see how strongly the back and shoulder muscles are exerted. As in all exercise, the motion should cease when fatigue begins. It is one great fault of the usual class calisthenics that the strong and enduring, along with the weaker, have exactly the same exercise.

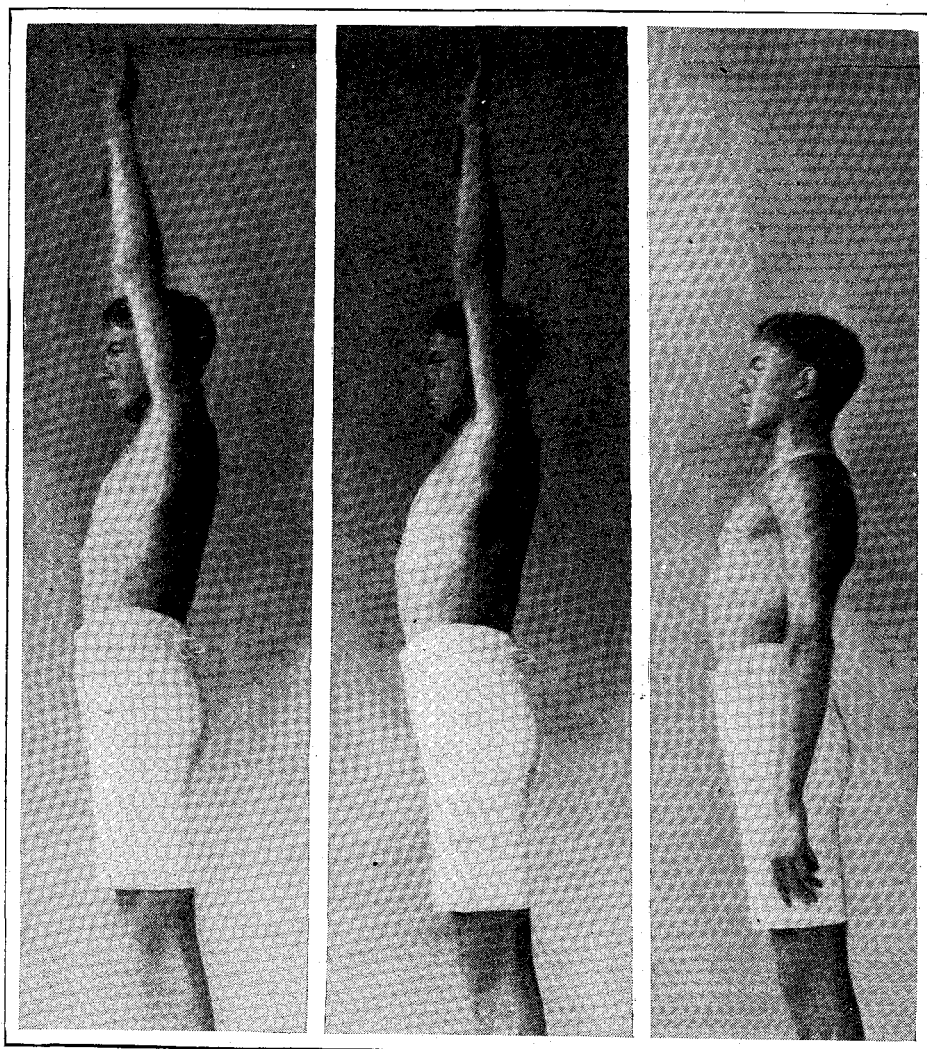
Finally, as to a breathing exercise. Well, the old, commonly used plan of

inhaling as the arms are raised and exhaling as they are lowered does quite well if used sufficiently. The writer, however, has found a slightly more effective variation of this exercise.

No. 6. At the first count raise the arms as in Photograph No. 6. At the second count take slowly as large a breath as possible, as in Photograph No. 7, and on the third count bring the arms down, *retaining the air*, Photograph No. 8, exhaling on the fourth count, *after the*

arms are down. Bringing down the arms over the fully expanded chest seems to aid in developing its capacity. The writer has used this effectively with many hundreds of boys. There should be about two, or even three, seconds for each of the four counts.

There is no idea here of giving a complete series of exercises, the object being to suggest some to meet the most common deficiencies met with in scoring the muscular development of children.



Nos. 6, 7, and 8

Soviet Moscow

By RICHARD EATON

Life in Soviet Moscow is a thing of vivid contrast. Mr. Eaton's article shows the surface view and hints at what is seething beneath it

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
Che la diretta via era smarrita
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura.*

Along the pathway of life
I chanced upon a shadowy forest.
There was no direct road of escape,
And, ah, how difficult it is to tell of
what I saw.

WERE you on the point of going to Moscow when the war broke out? Have you read Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy, and dreamt of the day when you could visit this country of mystery? Or perhaps you have less literary tastes and have only frequented the Caucasian Restaurant in Paris, the Russian Eagle in New York, or the Flying Moscovite in Constantinople. You have found the food and music so delightful and the servants in their native uniforms so attractive that you have decided to go to Russia at the first opportunity. Again, you may happen to be one of those "parlor Socialists" who approve of the principles of the Soviet Government, but not of the disgusting incidents which are necessary to the enforcement of these principles.

If you belong to any one of these classes, and surely there are perfectly good conservatives as well as equally ardent Socialists who fall into one of these categories, go to Russia. Go now, by all means. You will have a delightful trip, although you will not want to stay there long. My advice, which you will accept, since it will be your idea as well, is to go to the best hotel, to see the best cabarets, dine at the best restaurants, and to leave after a week, when you will be tired of the bugs emerging from the secret hiding-places in the luxurious rooms of the Moscow hotels.

But really, if you want to see Russia for only a few days, the Russia of the guide-book, you are missing a great opportunity if you don't apply for your visa at once.

Moscow at least, if not all Russia, has returned to its pre-war life. The buffets in the railway stations are filled with chocolates, biscuits, and fruit. In fact, you'll find them far better equipped than in Germany. And what a contrast they

present to the meagerly stocked restaurants in the Estonian and Lettish stations!

There is wine to be had, *pâté de foie gras*, and delicious Russian cakes.

"But Russia can't be starving," is your impression as the luxurious sleeping-car rolls onward towards Moscow.

You have noticed, perhaps, that the peasants who come down to the train to sell wild strawberries are very poorly clad; if you are a keen observer, you will remark that the price at which they sell this tempting fruit is far out of proportion to the supplement of a dollar an hour which you have paid in addition to the railway fare for the privilege of riding in an International sleeping-car.

You have certainly obtained from friends or acquaintances, if you will, the name of the best hotel. It is the Savoy, and, since you are traveling in the East, no matter how slim may be your pocket-book, you will not try to economize on a room. Certainly not for more than one night, and perhaps even then you will leave your small hotel before dawn.

The Gate to the City

You arrive at the Vindavsky or the Nicolaevski station in Moscow. The waiting-rooms are crowded. Every few feet there is a kiosk for the sale of delicious dainties, which rather jars with your idea of a famine-stricken Russia. The walls are covered with posters illustrating scenes in the life of the proletariat, and your interpreter will tell you that the large one in the corner urges the farmer to make use of the modern methods of agriculture. And here is another which tells the worker to be industrious, to save his money, and soon he will be able to purchase all the luscious eatables on display. Outside the station there is the same confusion as you have seen in Berlin or in Paris. There are comparatively few automobiles in Moscow. Nevertheless you may take a cab or an auto, following the inclination of your pocketbook. And if you do not make a price beforehand, you may as well take an auto for the price of the cab. You see, Moscow has gone back to pre-war days, and your cab has no tariff at all.

You arrive at the Hotel Savoy, which cannot be compared to the Ritz in Paris or to the Claridge in London, but it is exceedingly comfortable. The *concierge*, speaking perfect English or French, as you will, shows you to a delightful suite of a bedroom and salon. They are certainly the most comfortable living quarters you have found since leaving the Occident.

And, since you do not speak Russian, you will probably take most of your meals in the very excellent restaurant at the Hotel Savoy, where you will be served by waiters speaking English and French.

"You are a guest of the hotel?" inquires the *maître d'hôtel*. "And what is the number of your room?"

You give the necessary information, and wonder at his solicitude. That is, of course, if you are not curious by nature.

What a delicious meal you have! It puts to shame the most expensive meal which you have had in the fashionable Russian restaurants of New York, London, or Paris. And after dinner, perhaps you will care to go to a cabaret? You inquire of the genial *concierge*, and he advises you to go to the Hermitage Olivier, or, if you don't mind a longer ride, to the Yar, where the most famous Tzigane choirs lull you to a land of dreams with the strains of a Volga boat-song.

Another evening you may prefer to dine out of doors. It is very hot, and you cannot help being impressed by the famous Jardin Olivier, a huge park, where you may dine out of doors and watch the crowd pass by much as at the Café de la Paix in Paris.

The dinner is a bit more expensive than that at the Hotel Savoy, but equally delicious. After you have tired of watching the crowds pass by, you may care to visit a Russian theater. You may choose a comedy, a tragedy, a vaudeville, the music-hall or a ballet performance in any of the four theaters adjacent to the garden. You can't make a mistake. They are all very well played, and you cannot help admiring the Russian actor. After the theater, you may desire to gamble, and you go to the Praga, where money flows on the roulette table with as much

ease and unconcern as if you were watching or participating in an evening at the Casino of Monte Carlo or Deauville.

And is it very expensive in Moscow? A dinner in the Hotel Savoy costs a guest of the hotel only a gold ruble, with *hors d'œuvre*, soup, fish, and so forth. True, a modest dinner in the little restaurant round the corner—just soup, potatoes, and a bit of meat—costs three gold rubles; but that is the price which the ordinary Russian pays, and if you are in Moscow for only a few days you will certainly want to patronize only the best restaurant.

Surely, this picture of life in Moscow hardly coincides with the stories of famine and suffering which you have heard, and if you are a tourist you will take what you have seen for granted.

Look, then, on this

There is another side of Moscow, however. Life in the Soviet capital always makes me think of a well-dressed and well-gloved leper. He appears the picture of health from afar as you watch him walk down the Tverskaia. But the more closely you watch him, the more pitiful appears his condition. And if by chance you happen to be one of his friends, you can only leave him with a sense that you have seen the worst there is to see in life.

The Moscow of the Hotel Savoy and of the Hermitage is all that most of the ordinary tourists have the opportunity to see, and it is all that the foreign diplomat or politician is permitted to see.

Major Philip Mathews, executive officer of the American Relief Administration, who left Moscow on June 20, 1923, wrote in the New York "Times:" "American lawmakers, clergymen, and other politely entertained visitors to Russia from our shores are assured that the Soviet leaders no longer preach world revolution, and they come back believing the mild-mannered Government officials to whom they spoke. We of the American Relief Mission were often enlightened by the Soviet officials with whom we came in contact as to what these delightful American visitors intended to say when they came back home, long before they actually said it. I have felt unable to rest comfortably since returning home before telling some of the things these American visitors did not speak of.

"I am writing, not from censored and manufactured documents and materials, but from reports of representatives of the American Relief Mission which crossed my desk during the time I was in Russia. They came from the men stationed from

Odessa to Petrograd, and from Orenburg on the Asiatic border and Minsk. The gospel of kindness and brotherly love towards the well-meaning Soviet Government is preached by Americans, as all of them secured their information in the same manner.

"This is how they acquired it:

"The American visitor to Russia goes first to the Foreign Office, in order to find a place in which to live. The Anglo-American section of the Russian Foreign Office is headed by Weinstein, an American deportee. From his section the visitor is sent to one of the 'guest houses.' There he is under constant surveillance from the time he enters until he leaves. All of the employees are in the pay of the Government, and are required to report everything they see.

"When the visitor goes to view conditions, he is furnished with an interpreter, or at least one is sent around to see whether the earnest student of Russian conditions wants him. If by any chance the visitor does not take the proffered interpreter, it does not make any difference, because the Government knows at once who is with the visitor and has him up before the Cheka, or secret police, to report everything that occurred."

As Major Mathews said, the lowliest Russian knows that if he is with a foreign visitor he will be questioned by the Cheka; if he tells the truth, he will be discovered and punished. Under these conditions no observer can ever obtain a true picture of conditions in Russia.

The apparent prosperity of Moscow is only a huge bluff. For instance, consider the Hotel Savoy, which is maintained especially for foreigners whom the Soviet Government desires to impress. It is run at a considerable loss in order to prevent the important foreigner from realizing true conditions in Russia.

In the Occident the price which you pay for a room in a hotel usually depends upon the length of your stay and your familiarity with the language and customs of the country. At the Hotel Savoy it is your importance in the eyes of the Soviet Foreign Office that determines the price you pay and the accommodations that you receive.

One day I was taking a hurried lunch of sausages and sauerkraut in a small restaurant on the Loubiansky Proezd, whose clientele was evidently of the working class. I had eaten the sausages, but I thought it best to leave the sauerkraut on the plate. I asked for the bill. A small boy, pale, emaciated, poorly clad, of about seven, was going from table to table begging a few million rubles.

"Go along," I said when he came to

my table, for there are so many beggars in Russia to-day (most of them deserving members of the former upper class) that I had formed the rule of giving only to the old and mutilated. There was a half a piece of black bread lying on the table. The boy's eyes fastened upon it.

"Please, sir, may I have that?" he implored. And I watched him as he swallowed it almost without tasting it. I motioned to him to take the remaining pieces of bread that lay on the table. He took them eagerly, as if he were never to have another opportunity like this one. And then, as only a starving child could, he seized the plate of sauerkraut and gobbled down its contents in three or four mouthfuls.

But this incident is characteristic of the other side of Moscow, which one does not see with the approval of the Foreign Office.

Under Official Chaperonage

It is not a very pleasant side of life, and you will do much better to go to the Foreign Office or to the Ministry of Commerce shortly after your arrival. There you will be provided with a guide, and perhaps an automobile. You will ride up and down the best streets of the city, which are well paved, and you may well think yourself in Paris or London. You will find many shops along the Petrovka or the Tverskaia which you cannot bear to pass without getting out of your cab or auto and inspecting the window displays more closely. At the Gum or Mokovskaia Vetchi (the largest Government stores) it seems as if you were almost in some Oriental Selfridge's or a Galeries Lafayette.

How well these streets are paved! But it is only after you have lived in Moscow for some time that you will learn that these streets are paved for the benefit of the foreign visitors. Here is a delicatessen store on the Petrovka where you can purchase tropical fruit of every description, cakes, candies, and spices which would tempt the most jaded appetites.

You cannot help noticing the peculiar costumes of the people in the streets. The men are dressed in blue, white, or khaki-colored shirts. They wear no coats and a toe is often protruding from the shoes. Their faces are foreign and rather disagreeable.

Here and there a man passes with coat and vest. He is instantly singled out from the crowd. More often the passers-by will be dressed in the native *rubashka* (shirt), with the shirt-tails outside the trousers. The women, too, are not so *chic* as you expected, judging

by the Russian women whom you have seen abroad. They are far prettier, it is true; but they are poorly dressed, generally with just a small washable frock.

No, you will not be impressed favorably with the population in Moscow *en masse*, but you will certainly have read about Russian customs before coming to Moscow, and you will know that even before the Revolution the majority of men never owned a coat or a vest. And you will return from Russia convinced that the city has become almost normal again. That is, if you were not a student of politics, either amateur or professional. And even then I would not advise you to look too closely—not if you wish to leave Moscow without any difficulty.

Should you, however, persist in your “error,” as the “Boles” are fond of putting it, you will walk up and down some of the narrow streets—you need not go farther from the center of the city than the Arbatt Quarter—and you may watch one of those unfortunate men or women walk along the streets with a soldier

directly behind them. There is apparently no connection between the pedestrian and the latter, but the soldier has his rifle and bayonet lowered and the end of the bayonet is only six inches from the prisoner’s back.

Again, if you happen to follow the taxi drivers to the depot, you may see them purchase their petrol at half price on showing a certificate from the Foreign Office.

But you are becoming entirely too inquisitive. You have discovered that a bottle of beer costs two shillings, a pound of black bread five pence, etc., and if you visit some acquaintances in Moscow who apparently are in quite comfortable circumstances they may give you an egg or two, but you are quite certain not to have meat. You will have soup, tea, and bread, each served as a separate course.

I never fully understood the reason for this until I went to prison and felt free to be quite inquisitive, and even impolite.

“How much do you earn a month?” I asked the assistant chief of the Tcheka

police. He answered, “Fifteen hundred rubles per month.” The equivalent of one pound ten per month.

Thereafter I made a point of asking every prisoner I met how much he had earned a month when he was free. I found that a stenographer or secretary earned two pounds per month, a laborer three pounds, and perhaps an engineer or a professor only a bit more.

The highest salary legally permitted by the Government was seven pounds per month; and in order to earn this one must be head of a Government department, the manager of some important store, or the head of some equally important Government factory.

The prices, however, in Moscow are a bit higher than those in Paris, although not quite so high as the London ones. This is another side of Moscow, and one which I should not advise the Russian tourist to see. In fact, I am certain that you will sympathize with the benevolence of the Tcheka and the Russian Foreign Office in doing its best to shield the foreigner from these disagreeable pictures.

Sonata

By JOHN ERSKINE

I—ALLEGRO

YOU’VE seen her things? I saw them yesterday.
My model’s landscapes. That’s the way to climb!
There on that box she stood, a year ago,
With no more skill than clothes—to pass the time,
Asking me just what art was, anyway.
So from the hour I hired her she began;
I told her what the pose meant—in a word,
Leda’s first dim suspicion of the swan.
“Leda who?” she asked, mounting the box;
“Suspicious, was she? What did Leda fear?”
Well, I was turning over in my mind
Phrases discreet to make the legend clear,
When my white swan, her partner, caught her eye,
Droopy a bit for a god so passionate-hearted;
“And who’s the taxidermic bird?”—Said I,
“We’ll begin work!” And that’s the way we started.

But then, you know, that puzzling face of hers
Somehow forbade the picture to unfold;
Always her face—her whiteness, line and tint
Were nothing to the thoughts that face half told.
Should I give up, and send the girl away,
Or drop the swan and just paint Leda’s head?
Then, without breaking from the pose, she laughed,
And, “Why do artists use a model?” she said.
Forward, no doubt, and ignorant, to be sure,

Yet if she ever was to understand,
Some one must tell her; so, while painting on,
I put together simple truths offhand—
That all we artists aim at, is no more
Than to distinguish body from its dress,
That fashion covers life, but underneath,
Indifferent to time, is loveliness.
Statesmen we carved in togas once, because
No one would make eternal a tail coat,
And yet, better the unwrapped man, if men
Stripped to themselves were beautiful. That note
I struck for humor, but she frowned a little,
Puzzled; so I began at her once more,
Told her what Carlyle said about the world’s
Devoutly worshiping the old clothes it wore,
And afterwards by luck how Whistler painting
The rough dyspeptic’s portrait made him wroth
By bringing out his coat, a handsome blue,
So that the picture centers in the cloth.
“You mean, Whistler made a mistake?” “Why, no,
Yet Carlyle wanted, why should one refuse?
Just Carlyle painted—not his nakedness,
Of course—the naked Carlyle, if you choose.
Now when we paint the nude—” “The nude!” she cried,
“I meant, why any model?” “Oh!—You see,
We start from something when the mind creates;
Nothing from nothing, nature and art agree.

Starting from beauty so, the painter's eye
Finds something better than it gazes on,
As when I look at you, for Leda there—
She murmured, "I was thinking of this stuffed swan."

Without a word, almost, she came next time,
Ready at once. "Some work to-day, thank God!
Beauty for painting is not the kind that talks!"
But on her way to pose she turned and stood
Before the easel, studied it up and down,
Cool as a critic you've invited in.
At last she took her place, still meditating,
And I seized brush and palette to begin,
A bit put out.—"Why, here, you've changed the pose,
That's not the one I gave you!" "No, it's not.
You like the first one better?" "If you please!
Get it again, and keep it to the dot!"
Two seconds, and she had it. But that morning
I wasn't in the vein. I'll frankly say
I rather liked that graceful pose of hers,
But couldn't have it smuggled in that way.

Well, why be proud? Next time I'd ask her for it.
But next time she got up there, cool and bold,
And with a wicked smile, "Which pose to-day,
The old or new?" Said I, "Of course, the old!"

She came again more docile. For a while
I painted, better-humored by the minute,
Then, since she'd learned her place, why not unbend,
If that new pose had really something in it?
"I've an idea—that other pose you thought of
Won't do for Leda, but before it quite
Slips from your mind, a subject comes to me
It might be useful for—I think it might."

That spoiled her. Only once she came again,
Took the new pose as though that point were settled,
Then in a helpful voice, "I'd paint the light
More from the center." Well, that had me nettled!
What did she know of lighting?—for that matter,
Of posing either? I knew she was hopeless then;
She knew it too, I guess—I had a brief
Note the next day, she could not pose again.

Some months at least, and then the rumor spread
My model was turned painter—line and tone
Flowed from her brush clear genius, her friends said;
Then the great news, her pictures would be shown.
It seemed an outrage that a girl whose skill
Was merely to be looked at, should arrive
By some vagary of her idle will
Where artists trained and ripe, for all they strive,
Too often, wrecked and baffled, fail to come.
Yet she had wit, and—well, why not?—from me
She may have caught some training; else from whom?
Genius, no doubt, learns that way, casually.
Well, I would go and see how genius works
That picks success up with such small ado,
What simple paths she hit on, saving steps,
And how transmuted my own ways came through.
So yesterday I went, and in the hall
Met her, as self-contained—you'd hardly know
Our story, just to see us there;
We were two masters, old hands at a show.
She led me to the pictures? Not at all!
No mention of them. I found my way alone,

Following the crowd. And there they were, the six,
All on the line—and landscapes, every one!

II—SCHERZO

O^H, there the pictures are, the ones the model painted—
You remember, Alice, the story in the paper?
Just a common model, and she took to painting,
And here's what she did, with the paint hardly dried.
Tame pictures, aren't they, after the life she led—
Yes they do, all of them, you can't tell *me*!
I'd know it just to see the way she met that artist,
The young figure-painter in the hall outside.

Yes, she's the one—I told you as we passed them—
Exquisite and poised and serene, did you see?
And dressed so severely, but that's a pose, perhaps;
You can't be certain with a gift for posing so!
Surely you noticed, when she greeted the painter,
How courtly he was, almost a little cold?
Prudence, I wonder, or good taste in public?
Underneath their manners who knows what they know!

That severe gown she wore, for her to wear it
Was either too modest or a bit overbold,
With her lovely figure, and knowing she's a model;
Better just what she is than a false restraint.
What a haunting face she has—calmness and keenness,
And underneath, passion, if I can read faces;
Passion—and these tame pictures! Would you think
She'd have chosen landscapes, the first thing to paint?

Landscape, for me, is background for living;
Stirring things happen, if you like, in handsome places,
But happen to the actors—flesh and blood's the play,
Just how the stage is set isn't much to me.
This woman now, with her spirit for succeeding,
Reaching for life, I think, and taking when it comes,
These tame landscapes of hers are only background,
She's left out the picture, the part I came to see.

Mary, my sister, you know her modern notions,
Mary says a proper life stifles and benumbs;
The kind of life I spoke of, she says, isn't scandal,
It's only what we'd all do, if the way were clear.
Talking just this morning, reading in the paper,
We envy the model, she said, and so we ought;
Or why this crowd that presses toward her pictures?
Don't suppose it's landscape that brings them all here!

Mary says, most of us think just by turning
Round and round we'll come at last on a living thrill,
Though we'd be too dizzy, she says, when we found it,
Worn to a dullness too dense to feel it then.
Only the brave ones who seek life early,
Every nerve quivering and the heart alert,
Not wait, but look for it, she says, rather headlong,
Only they have lived at all, or can live again.

Artists are the folk she means, the kind that fling them
Boldly on life, the pleasure and the hurt;
Every day's a canvas—if the work's a failure,
Scrape the hardening colors off, paint the dream afresh.
If you never paint it, she says, if the dream falls

Wrecked all your days, and the shining fades at last,
Mary says it's something to know you've tried and missed it—
She'd rather be a thwarted soul than just tidy flesh.

That's the reason, Mary thinks, one yields her loveliness
To the painter's vision, unveils her utmost grace,
Marries her beauty to his soul, not his body,
So completes the beauty that she almost is.
There she stands lifted immortal above herself,
Proper things fall away, this cannot go;
Here once she lived—could the painter live more?
Here her dream stays—is it less than his?

Mary can talk so. But if that's living,
What's landscape after that, I'd like to know?
Did she live deeply, and taste the thrill we miss,
Rise from the rut the daily habit wore,
And are these the picture, then, of herself immortal?
Immortal—and these the best she could do!
Why landscapes, I say; who wants the wall-paper
On Hero's room, with Leander at the door?

And, I said to Mary, that's a wise notion
Of loveliness to kindle at, and visions coming true;
I'm no model, but I know human nature,
And they can't be a vision every time they pose;
They must be immodest when the dream fails them,
Artist and model can't be much to sing of then—
He's just a painter drawing heads and bodies,
She's just a woman standing without her clothes.

III—ANDANTE SERIOSO

WOMEN and men, dumb before my pictures,
Baffled, or whispering hand to mouth their crude
Indecent wonder at such things from me—
Are these the eyes we paint for, these the hearts?
It is my life, I know now, they would choose
To look at, not—even if they could—my soul.
My painter too; I watched him gazing, gazing,
Like the sun rays that drink the water up,
Looking for something as he used to stare
Out of his empty, silent head at me
Posing for Leda—with nothing in himself,
Poor little man, to look for. Well, perhaps
Here's the exhibit when we show our things,
Not the thing painted nor the way we paint,
Rather who comes to look, what states of mind
Unveil themselves and publicly confess.
That's the hard thing in posing too, to watch
The painter's soul disrobe, ill-nourished souls,
All bones, just covered with a wish to paint.
My painter with his swan! Too like the way
Those creatures in the zoo cling to their cage,
And look with sad and all but human eyes
Out of their fatal prison, out of themselves.
He had the look—the gaze he turned on me,
Blind to my body, wistfully betrayed
That slow, dumb panic. "Pose no more," said I,
"For pity, see this nakedness no more."

They whisper sly amazement how at all
Beauty for any eyes could stand revealed;
The question gives their furtive heart away.

"Landscapes!" said one, "Why landscapes?" Why, indeed!
Leda would please her more—not the divine
Wonder I could have uttered in the myth,
To see love heaven-descended in disguise,
White and with wings, soft, smooth, and terrible,
Beyond resistance and beyond belief—
Not this; but could she look with the swan's eyes
On that clear loveliness, and then on me,
And think, "She was a model, not divine
But just as frank, and beauty now to her—
Is what she paints, fit for a god!"—Dear soul,
What eyebrows would she raise, and yet be pleased.

How I could paint the glory that we wear,
That never in the roadside passes by
But stirs us to the rhythm of a step,
But starts the image of a golden world!
I could; yet what we love to the extreme
We find a word for, not the thing itself.
Language surrounds our loves; the passing form
That stirred the heart-beat with a joyous step
And called the dignity of whiteness up,
Oh, paint the form and see the golden world!
But if the body haunts me, and no more,
Something which means the body let me paint,
Something wherein it dwells. We know not why,
But by itself life is unutterable,
Yet will be teasing, as a beauty seeks
Her portrait in the passion she inspires—
"Tis but this pretty gown you like me for!"
"Can I forget the beauty it conceals?"
"Ah, me, loved for my body only?"—"Love,
More for the flame within that makes you fair!"
"Mystical lover, would you take my soul?"
"Oh, I would take it always as it is,
In that soft loveliness my love can touch!"
"Ah, my poor body, praised at last!"—"Love, praised
Far, far too little, had I Indian pearls
To praise with, and the purple robes of queens!"

Oh, I would live superbly and delight
In every garment that the soul puts on,
The sound of voices, and the touch of hands,
Lips absolute for passion or caress,
And body exquisite to awe-struck eyes;
Yet for the larger garment, O my heart!
That here we wear—this earth and sky and sea,
Waiting upon us with their gift of tongues—
How could our grandeur speak without these hills?
Without these meadows and midsummer trees
What drowsy peace would die in us untold!
Never without the ocean could we say
What harbor, what far land, what gallant ship
We know of, and our heart is set to go—
And who could utter beauty without stars?

Speak in this language—ah, and who will hear?
So few, so few! I see the curious eyes
Studying as though the pictures were a scroll
Marked with lost symbols or designs insane.
Yet there the path is written, and the end,
From silence first, through silence into speech,
And afterward through speech to loneliness—
Something this world we love so cannot say,
Earth cannot, nor the ocean, nor the sky.

Where Labor Follows the Red Flag

By EDWARD CORSI

We sometimes think we have labor troubles in the United States. Obregon's Government has been called a labor government, but it is not half radical enough to suit the labor leaders of Mexico. This is the third article on Mexico written as the result of a first-hand investigation by Edward Corsi. Two others will follow in early issues

THE turbulent and impetuous nature of Mexico's mongrel population is nowhere more manifest than in the activity of labor. If that country can be said to have any problems at all, that of dampening the excessive ardor of her workers is certainly one of them, and surely not the least important in the task of reconstruction.

A few days before sailing for that country I had occasion to interview a very prominent Mexican who was here at the time in a semi-official capacity. One of the things I remember him saying was that, in his opinion, there is just one country in the world more advanced than Mexico, and that is Russia. Frankly, I know very little about Russia, but I have many recollections of Italy in her most "advanced" days. And it seems to me, after a personal study of Mexican conditions, that the proletariat of that country is playing the same rôle in Mexican politics to-day as the proletariat of Italy, inspired by the example of the Russian Revolution, played in that chaotic period preceding the rise of Mussolini and his Fascisti. Strikes and riots were the order of the day in Bolshevik Italy; the red

flag was the symbol of proletarian supremacy. The same is true of Mexico and Mexican labor at this hour. The seeds of hate and discontent sown during ten years of revolution are bearing their evil fruit to-day, much to the detriment of the country.

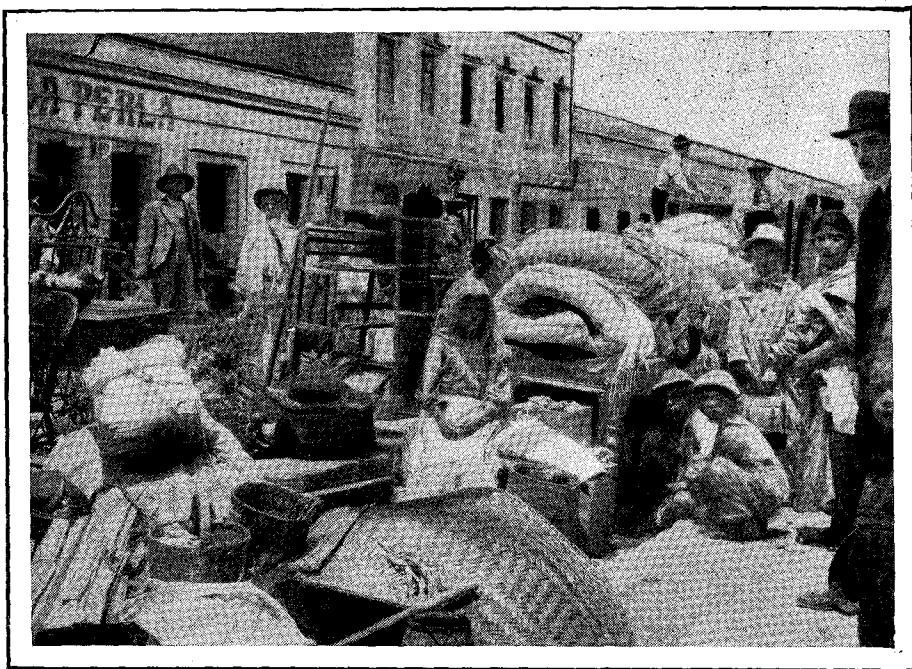
Organized labor in Mexico is a product of recent growth; it was born with the Revolution. In the days of Don Porfirio Diaz, when the country was ruled in the interest of the *haciendado* and the industrialist, labor unions and labor leaders were practically unknown. To-day Mexico is virtually a closed shop, with a labor Constitution and a labor Government protecting the rights of the workers. There is not an industry in all Mexico of any importance which is not in the grip of organized labor, nor is there a craft, a trade, or even a profession which remains unorganized. In 1917 the Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana could hardly boast 75,000 members; to-day it exceeds 600,000. In States such as Vera Cruz and Yucatan free labor does not exist; unionism is thoroughly established. The countries of the world, excepting of course the Com-

munist countries, where labor enjoys the political and economic power enjoyed in Mexico are few indeed. Labor leaders in that country are not only lords of their own domain, but undisputed dictators of the very destinies of the Republic.

This of course is easily explained. For many generations the Mexican worker had known slavery and peonage in their worst form. When the Revolution came, and with it political freedom, he reacted violently against the institutions that had long been used to exploit him. The doctrines of the foreign agitator found immediate favor with him. The Government, the Church, and the *bourgeoisie* became the target of his hatred and his anger. He followed willingly his new master, this time a spell-binder and a demagogue rather than a slave-driver. And he has been following him with a faith amounting to fanaticism ever since.

The labor movement in Mexico finds its inspiration in the doctrines of Communism and Anarchism, hence the red and black flag as its symbol. A non-political movement, such as we understand it in our own country, is unknown in Mexico. There the workers, be they *amarillos* or *rojos*, are avowed enemies of the present order, committed to a change in the economic and social structure of the nation. The *amarillos*, who are in the majority, differ from the *rojos* only as to methods. They believe in evolution rather than revolution, though in practice they are as subversive as the *rojos*. Says a famous Mexican writer: "It is impossible to know what the ideals of Mexican labor really are, because our workers are lacking in political and social education and are sunk deep in barbarism. They understand one thing, and that is that capital must go and that they must enjoy life at high wages. The foreign demagogue, in this case, has done effective work."

The present Mexican Government leans decidedly towards labor, often in shameful disregard of the rights of capital. This is explained by Government officials on the ground that labor is native, while capital is foreign, which



Dispossessed tenants in Vera Cruz before the famous Proal strike

means that in playing the native element of the population the politician is running true to form. At this time labor represents the sole organized force in the Republic capable of controlling, and even dictating, the activity of political parties. Votes count in Mexico as they count elsewhere. The upper classes, on the other hand, are unorganized and indifferent, too timid to voice their protest against the partisan activity of the Government. Business men, be they native or foreign, are bitter against the men in power, but few have the courage to voice their sentiments. This the politician, who is often a labor leader or a general, understands too well. Favoring labor against capital, even when the interests of the country are at stake, is a very profitable practice, which has its only justification in the light of political expediency. This practice has given great impetus to the labor movement and made possible the rapid growth of the labor unions. It is safe to say that without the active co-operation of the Government, and without the official assistance of such men as Plutarco Elias Calles, Luis Morones, and others, the Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana could not have grown to its tremendous membership in the short period of its existence. The Constitution of course has had much to do with the progress of the movement because of its advanced concessions to the workers—concessions which would be considered too radical in our own country. Article 123 of that Constitution, drawn up by revolutionary leaders under Carranza, provides, among other things, for compulsory profit sharing, three months' wages on dismissal, pay for pregnant women on vacation, a living wage, social insurance, houses for workingmen, free

employment bureaus, immunity of wages from attachment, the eight-hour day, seven-hour night, the right to organize and to strike, and similar other reforms.

One might suppose that, in view of this attitude on the part of the Government and of the various political parties and leaders, labor's policy would be one of co-operation rather than obstruction. Strange to say, the opposite is true. While in Vera Cruz, a hotbed of radical agitation and the scene of repeated strikes, I interviewed Heron Proal, the leader of the Tenants' Union of that city. I found him in his dingy one-room office, surrounded by a group of Indians who seemed literally to worship this foe of organized society.

"Señor Proal," I asked, "is it not true that Obregon's Government is a labor government?"

He corrected me for referring to him as Señor instead of Compañero or comrade, and entered into a tirade against the Government such as I had heard from none of the *bourgeois* critics of the present régime. "Yes, it is a labor government," he said, cynically, "and it proves it by shooting down our workers. It is like all governments made up of generals, bandits, and parasites. For many years we have been fighting for justice, but this labor government has done nothing to help us except to send troops against us at the request of our enemies. Obregon is a politician, and labor has nothing to gain from politicians."

Proal's tenants have been on strike for two years, and during that time have not paid a single centavo in rent. They boast that they have saved \$2,000,000 as a result of the strike, and unless the landlords agree to accept two per cent on

their original investment they will continue their non-rent campaign.

Governor Adalberto Tejeda, of Vera Cruz, who, with Governor Felipe Carrillo, of Yucatan, has the reputation of being one of the leading Socialists in the Republic, has refused to intervene, on the ground that the State cannot be a party to a social struggle.

This theory that the State cannot be a party to a social struggle, that there is no public to be considered in a dispute between capital and labor, is generally accepted by the revolutionary leaders of Mexico, most prominent among them General Plutarco Elias Calles, who may be the next President of the Republic. The Constitution provides for enforced settlement of industrial disputes, but rarely does the Government avail itself of this provision unless, as in the famous tramway strike in Mexico City, compelled to do so by force of public opinion. In the recent general strike in Vera Cruz, which began as a struggle against the employers of the city and degenerated into a squabble among the unions, the Government looked on while Red guards imposed and collected taxes, strikers terrorized the populace, and strike leaders urged their followers to force and violence.

Mexico is suffering from an epidemic of strikes, which is slowly but surely destroying the economic life of the nation. Government statistics for the month of June, recently compiled, show that no less than fifty strikes, involving 17,633 workers, were conducted in the States of Puebla and Vera Cruz. Twenty-six of the twenty-eight in Puebla were in the nature of a protest against the imprisonment of Enrique Flores Magon, a Red leader. The total loss of property in these strikes was exactly \$919,507.23. Strikes are often of a political nature, called by agitators for political purposes. The Mexico City tramway strike was actually a struggle between *amarillos* and *rojos*. So many were the casualties in this strike and so violent the conduct of the strikers that the public was compelled to appeal to the President for protection. When one of the members of the Tenants' Union in Vera Cruz was killed by the police, a general strike lasting eleven hours followed. Heron Proal, addressing a mob in the public square, shouted: "Only through violence will the *bourgeoisie* come to respect us. Do not fear to burn and kill. If the police attack you, strike back! The proletariat does not fear death." In Puebla a general strike was threatened to prevent the imprisonment of the assassins of one Ambrosio Lopez, a non-union employee, killed because he would not join the Communist ranks. In the famous Pa-



"We are on strike"—up-to-date methods of discontented labor in Vera Cruz



(C) Keystone

Mexico City—the Capital of Mexico and the objective of the insurgents

chuca strike hundreds of non-union workers literally starved. In Vera Cruz, San Luis Potosi, Puebla, Nueva Leon, and the Federal District the loss of life and property caused by the agitation of labor is well-nigh incalculable. In the Socialist State of Yucatan there has been very little trouble, but this has been due to the fact that the henequen industry, the sole industry of any importance in the State, has been under Government control.

Bolshevism in Mexico is not a fiction, as many contend, but a reality; and it finds its expression in the profound hatred on the part of the workers of the established institutions of the land. Moral and religious values have been practically destroyed among the masses; love of country is sadly wanting. While ninety-five per cent of the population of the country is said to profess the Catholic faith, not one of the three hundred and twelve members of the Parliament is a Catholic. And few indeed are the members of the Government who are not violently anti-Catholic. Acting President de la Huerta simply looked on when

strikers in Mexico City, some few years ago, hoisted the red flag over the Cathedral, much to the disgust of the press and the public. When the Legislature of the State of Durango was petitioned to reconsider its law limiting the number of clergymen in that territory to twenty-five, the reply came in the form of an armed attack on the petitioners, resulting in the death of ten men and women. The wholesale confiscation of churches and church property and the repeated enactment of legislation against the clergy have found great favor with labor elements. Even the closing of the Catholic schools was hailed as a labor victory. Just now the Catholic Church, for centuries a force in the affairs of the country, is on the defensive, with no voice or power in the Government or in politics. Mexican reformers in breaking the grip of the Church are slowly destroying the religious sentiments of the people, giving nothing in return.

What the outcome of this chaotic condition will be is difficult to say. Mexican men of affairs simply shrug their

shoulders when asked for an opinion. They do not know, and many do not care. A number of attempts have been made to arouse public opinion against this madness on the part of labor, but they have proved futile. The Fascisti movement, so much discussed throughout Mexico, has made little progress. It is now practically dead. The White Labor movement, sponsored some time ago by the Catholic Church in an effort to check Bolshevism, died ere it was born. Repeated protests to the Government on the part of industrialists, chambers of commerce, agricultural societies, foreign embassies and consulates, have meant nothing. The press, led by such organs as "Excelsior" and "El Universal," has been unsparing in its criticism of labor leaders and labor unions, but nothing has come of it. The campaign of hatred, violence, destruction, and death has gone on unimpeded and unchecked. At this time of writing no less than sixteen strikes are in progress throughout the country. Who knows what may happen to-morrow?

The Book Table

Facts and Fancies in Constitutional Law

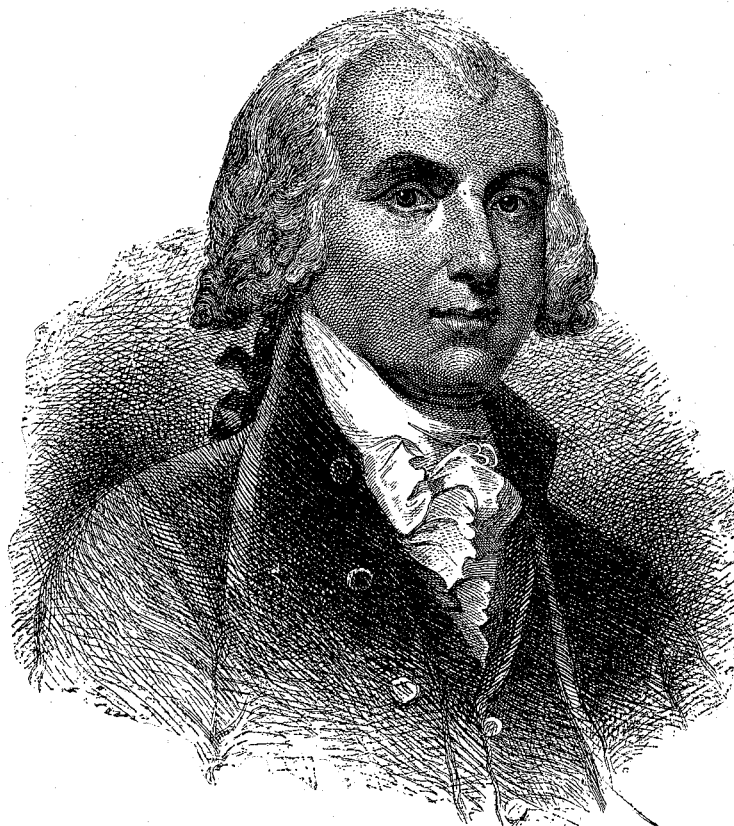
By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

FEW times indeed in the history of our Constitution has a livelier or more widespread interest in that document been manifested than at the present time. The Constitution has often faced terrific criticism; it has often been a storm center in the chambers of the Supreme Court and in public forums. But the times have been few when strong influences have been actively seeking either the abolition of the Constitution entirely or a basic change in its nature and operation. "If it could be submitted to a ballot," recently reported a committee of the American Bar Association, "a large number of our citizens would vote in favor of abolishing the Constitution entirely."

The defenders of the Constitution fall into two classes. It is the purpose of the first to inculcate a spirit of *reverence* for the work of the Fathers, to establish a cult of the Constitution, to convince the citizenry that the framers, when they formulated those principles of justice and government, poured into "perennial bronze" the final wisdom of all time; any attempt to adjust that instrument to meet more nearly the needs of our time through interpretation or amendment is denounced as subversive, unpatriotic, and lacking in the respect which is due the divinely inspired Fathers. The second class, on the other hand, is more interested in inculcating *understanding*—understanding of the forces which wrought the Constitution, and of its effect on our communal and individual life, feeling that loyalty can be safely predicated only on a sound comprehension of the true sources and merits of the Constitution.

Mr. Schuyler in his historical survey of the formation of our Constitution definitely places himself in the class last described. His book¹ presents as human and convincing a picture as has ever been drawn of that significant period. He describes that great "human achievement" with truth and understanding; cherished beliefs and traditional modes of approach, unsupported by the facts disclosed by his scholarship, he casts aside. That the Constitution, for example, was the result of successive compromises in

¹The Constitution of the United States. By Robert L. Schuyler. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.



James Madison

the Convention he dismisses as an illusion; the fact is that the Convention was in extraordinary accord over the essentials of its task. Nor was the Constitution made by "the whole people," as the orators proclaim; not more than five per cent of the "people of the United States" expressed any opinion upon the new Constitution.

Instead of threshing over the barren straw of "political history," this writer, following the lead of Dr. Beard and Professor Turner, has uncovered the economic causes of that political movement which gave us a perdurable instrument of government. State particularism he deems unimportant; the existence of great social and economic forces absorb his attention; he leaves the traditional and fruitless controversies on political doctrine to those who may be interested in such peripheral matters. The key to the Constitutional Convention he finds in the words of James Madison, the keenest mind in that brilliant assembly, who "had more to do with the framing of the

Constitution than any other man." In the "Federalist" (No. 10) the fourth President wrote:

Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. . . . The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government.

This must be the answer to those who will condemn Mr. Schuyler's book as iconoclastic; he and his colleagues are but carrying on an "economic interpretation of the Constitution" which James Madison, the shrewdest contemporary of the American Constitution, voiced more than a century and a quarter ago.

Books describing the operation of our Constitution have almost invariably been legal text-books, which emphasized the political frame within which our Government moves; the most significant legal approach to the Constitution has thus

been neglected or obscured. Most citizens are but mildly interested in such matters of political structure. What they are eager to know is what "direct practical concern" the American Constitution is to them as citizens. It is this "human side" of the Constitution of which Mr. Stimson, a well-known author on legal subjects, treats in his book.² It is his opinion that there are certain "rights," undeniable prerogatives of free-men under the Anglo-American conception of law, which have been written into the Constitution, either expressly or by necessary implication. Among these he includes the "Right to Law," that is, the right to test the conduct of any person, whether private citizen or government official, in a court of law; the "Right to Liberty;" the "Right to Property."

Mr. Stimson's book is far from satisfactory. It is lamentable that a lawyer, when he writes a book for laymen, should be as inaccurate as Mr. Stimson has been in stating the *ratio decidendi* of important cases. (E. g., *ex parte* Milligan, p. 77; the Newberry case, p. 153; the Hitchman case, p. 115.) It is unfortunate that in his enthusiasm for the English protection of the right to labor, his extravagant claims in that respect should omit Turgot's classic statement of this fundamental right, as contained in the edict of Louis XVI. But such inaccuracies are less important than a fundamental blindness which pervades Mr. Stimson's work. His devotion to the ancient principles of the common law has led him vigorously to depreciate any tendency to modify those principles, even when the circumstances which gave those principles their vitality have vastly changed. I refer particularly to his undisguised distrust and animadversion for "government by commission"—the rise of numerous governmental administrative bodies (such as the Inter-State Commerce Commission) to regulate on behalf of the public businesses having a close relation to the common welfare. He recognizes the need for experts and for expert bodies of this sort in our complex modern society; but he feels strongly that their findings should always be subject to close scrutiny and easy reversal by the courts. He fails to realize that this would defeat the whole scheme of government by experts and run counter to the sound doctrine of the division of labor in the complex business of government.

Mr. Stimson has become much disturbed by two tendencies in recent Constitutional development. The first is the extension of the "police power" to uphold

so-called social legislation, which he denounces as "the most . . . portentous pretext of the invasion of human liberties;" the second is the increasing frequency of Constitutional amendments. Mr. Stimson so reveres the Constitution as it left the hands of the Fathers, and more particularly so reveres the individualistic scheme of things which they found suited to their needs, that he overlooks fundamentals. Such a *laissez faire* attitude would more quickly wreck "the supreme law of the land" than the conduct of those radicals whose collectivist ideas Mr. Stimson deems dangerous to our liberties. The doctrine of the "police power" has saved the Constitution

from imposing on posterity Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics." The power reserved to the people to amend the Constitution, provided for by Article V (which, after all, is as much a part of that document as any other), while it may be used to change the symmetry of the Constitution of 1789, does make it possible to extend that eighteenth-century instrument to meet the needs of a twentieth-century America. It would be well for all who fear lest our Constitution is in process of disintegration to remember that its perpetuation depends, not on its rigidity, but on that very flexibility which the "police power" and the power to amend insure.

The New Books

FICTION

MEMOIRS OF LI HUNG CHANG. By William Francis Mannix. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

Librarians must scurry to remove this book from the shelves of biography, and put it with the fiction. As Ralph D. Paine, the writer of its new Introduction, truly says, it is the most skillful and audacious literary deception of modern times. Composed by William F. Mannix while a prisoner for forgery in a Hawaiian jail, based on no more actual knowledge of China than could be seen by a private in the American Expeditionary Force in China in 1900, and fortified by such information as he could get from library books supplied to the poor convict by sympathetic friends, he produced a better autobiography of the great Chinese Viceroy than Li himself could have written. It fooled the Hon. John W. Foster into writing the Introduction to the original American edition and satisfied the scholarship of the erudite Sinologist Dr. Arthur H. Smith. It was "exposed," cautiously and a bit at a time, in at least one English and one American review, but the whole story of the book, and of the amazing, amusing, disreputable, but extraordinary career of its author, is now told for the first time in an extensive introductory essay by Ralph D. Paine. It is a contribution to the history of gullibility, a tribute to the power to deceive of the printed word, and a painful proof of the ease with which scholars—and of course the "average" reader—may be impressed by the mere names of powerful officials and learned men once these names are in print. And the absolute non-existence of some of these personages is of no importance whatever. All who read the Memoirs at first should look at this new edition for the sake of Mr. Paine's history of the book; those

who have never read any part of it have a double treat in store.

BIOGRAPHY

FROM PINAFORES TO POLITICS. By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$5.

A spirited and often charming autobiography. Her early days in New York society will interest many readers; her later adventures in politics, in the Democratic campaigns, and in France during the Great War are related in a style which becomes lyrical in praise of nearly all Americans, especially if they were sufficiently inspired to be members of the Democratic party, and devotees of President Wilson and all his policies. For the author, only these followed the gleam and knew the meaning of "vision."

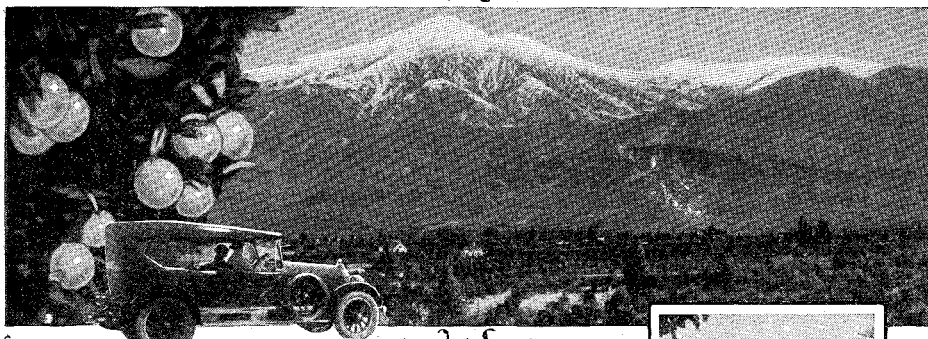
MY UNIVERSITY DAYS. By Maxim Gorky. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$3.

Russia must be a very grimy place, all vodka and viciousness, if you believe her realists. But there is a comforting reflection in the fact that the truth never gets so distorted as when it falls into the hands of a realistic novelist.

TREFOIL (THE). By A. C. Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The most frivolous of the Benson brothers—that is, E. F. Benson—has been writing memoirs of their family, with its Archbishop father and its three authors among the sons. Now in this book a more devout and serious elder brother contributes a biographical volume, named "The Trefoil," to symbolize three stages in the career of his distinguished father prior to his appointment as Primate of All England. These were head master of Wellington College, Canon of Lincoln, and Bishop of Truro. It is something to read the recollections of a man who says that when he was about five a widowed lady came into his

² The American Constitution as it Protects Private Rights. By Frederic J. Stimson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.



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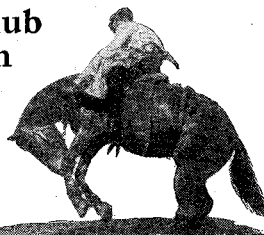
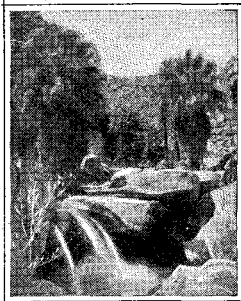
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nursery, picked him up and kissed him, and that this lady happened to be Queen Victoria. But the best part of the volume is not made up of such incidents, nor altogether of the memories of his father, but of his own extraordinarily vivid and fascinating sense of the world of mystery which surrounds a small boy when he is playing in old gardens, in happy summer fields, and near brooks and streams.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

DARKER PHASES OF THE SOUTH. By Frank Tannenbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

By the former agitator, who is now a sober sociologist, investigator, and humanitarian. These are studies of the Ku Klux Klan, of life in the Southern mill towns, of the conditions which surround cotton raising, of Southern prisons, and of the Negro problem. They are, indeed, dark phases of American life and social conditions; the book is written in earnest and deserves attention. The chapter on prisons is both painful and important.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ART OF THOMAS HARDY (THE). By Lionel Johnson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.

To Lionel Johnson's criticism of Hardy's novels, first published in 1894, are now added a chapter on Hardy's poems, a bibliography, and two portraits.

OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME. Editors, George Depue Hadzits and David Moore Robinson. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

This attractive series of little books includes "Greek Religion and its Survivals," by Walter Woodburn Hyde; "Catullus and His Influence," by Karl Pomeroy Harrington; "Language and Philology," by Roland G. Kent; "The Poetics of Aristotle; Its Meaning and Influence," by Lane Cooper; and Euripides and His Influence," by F. L. Lucas.

POETRY

BEST POEMS OF 1923 (THE). Edited by L. A. G. Strong. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$2.

The anthologist, as Arthur Guiterman would say, is still anthologizing. However, this is a small book and a light one; easy to carry in the pocket. It contains what the editor (who edits from England) believes to be best of last year's poetry. A few English and many American poets are represented, with a strong leaning toward queer, "modern" verse, which naturally makes the biggest noise. The quality varies from Gertrude Robinson Ross's beautiful lyric, poorly named "I Was Made of This and This," and Stephen Vincent Benét's big bow-wow prize poem, "King David," down to the amorphous composition of E. E. Cummings. Many of the items in the book are interesting, a few are even beautiful; a considerable number are not even

interesting enough to warrant being called ugly. They are termed "poems" because the editors of eccentric magazines so classified them, and are recognized as such merely for being formless, for making odd use or disuse of punctuation and capital letters, and for painfully introducing mild ribaldry, or certain coarse words whose presence, the authors pathetically believe, indicates "strength" and "daring."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

SIBERIA'S UNTOUCHED TREASURE. By C. G. Fairfax Channing. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$6.

A book of some length and bulk which begins with a discourse upon international politics. The author then gives a lively and readable account of his personal experiences as an officer with the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia in 1919. The book arrives at its real object in its last third, and that is to describe Siberia's vast resources, its attractiveness for farming, colonization, and exploitation, and the injustice with which it has been maligned. It is a land of hot summers—and bad ones, with mosquitoes; but its winters are much more bearable than is generally supposed, because there is little wind.

Mr. Channing's book is an *omnium gatherum* of all that he knows about Siberia, and his own exploits and military decorations are not slighted. But this does not prevent it from being entertaining and, in some sections, important.

WONDERS OF THE PAST; THE ROMANCE OF ANTIQUITY AND ITS SPLENDOURS. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. Vol. II. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.

The second volume of a fine picture-book. No matter how good are the chapters by various persons with impressive academic degrees following their names, their writings are bound to be overshadowed by the sumptuous pictures in color and half-tone. It is a modern representation of the kind of book which children used to look at on Sunday afternoons, but it is undeniably interesting. This volume is devoted to Babylonia and Egypt, India, Greece, the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, and related topics.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS. By Albert B. Wegener. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$2.

Brief information, much of it in tabular and statistical form, about all kinds of athletics mentioned in the title. Usefully illustrated.

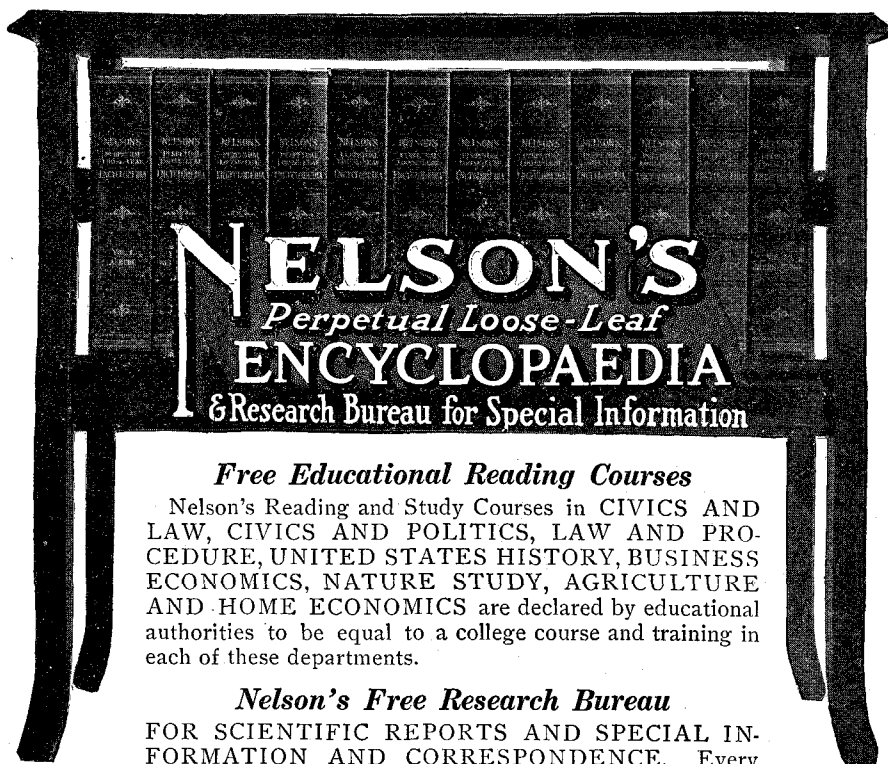
SCIENCE

PUBLIC HEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES. By Harry H. Moore. Harper & Bros., New York. \$4.

A thick volume, containing a treatise with statistical charts and data, on the cost of disease, the warfare against it, nostrums and quackery, the growing

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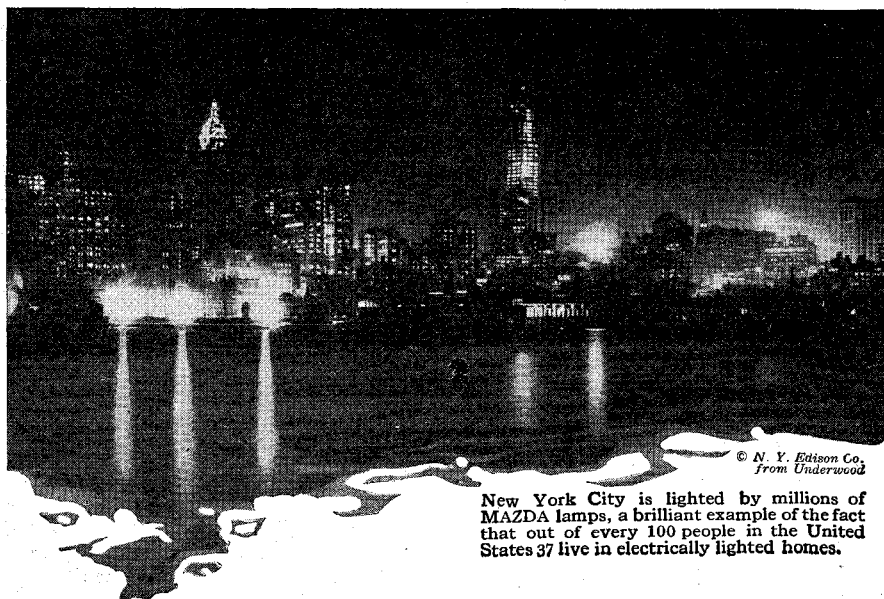
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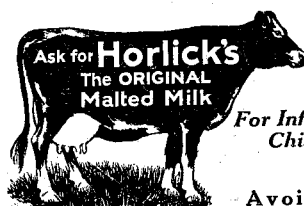
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EVERYONE'S BOOK OF THE WEATHER. By A. Francon Williams. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Books Received

FICTION

BROTHERS OF NO KIN. By Conrad Richter. The Hines, Hayden, Eldredge Company, New York.

CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS (THE). By Jules Payot. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.75.

BIOGRAPHY

A. BARTON HEPBURN. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WHITE. By Frederick Manning. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$8.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

AROUND AN IROQUOIS STORY FIRE. By Mabel Powers. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.

SCIENCE

PERSONALITY OF PLANTS (THE). By Royal Dixon. Illustrated. The Bouillon-Biggs Company, New York. \$2.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

SUMMER CAMPS, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Henry Wellington Wack. The Red Book Magazine Company, New York. \$1.25.

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The Mail Bag

Truth and Fact

ALLOW me to take this opportunity to express my appreciation of and thank you for the editorial by Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott entitled "An Exclusive Gospel" in a recent issue of The Outlook. Furthermore, I am going to encroach upon your time with the expression of some of my own ideas upon the subject—not because of their intrinsic worth, but because I feel they may be of interest to you as the expression of the sentiments of an average layman.

There is nothing new in the present controversy. It is as old as the Christian religion—probably older. Yet the marvel is that in all the ages few since his time have shown such insight into the question as did Pontius Pilate. We have argued this truth, and that, and the other; we have not stopped to ask his fundamental question, "What is truth?" That question has been seldom asked, never answered. Nor can I answer it. Yet I think I can point to one stumbling-block which may be removed.

Truth and fact are not synonymous. One is spiritual, the other physical.

My thesis needs no proof, yet illustrations may help. From among Shakespeare's contemporaries it would be impossible to pick out an equal number of people who have the influence upon our lives to-day that the characters of his creation do. His contemporaries were facts and they died. His characters were truths and they live forever. Again, to take Mr. Wheeler's own example—he tells us that one of our strongest proofs of the existence of George Washington is in the fact that we yearly celebrate his birthday. The symbols of Christmas are the Star and the Manger; of Easter, the lily rising in glory from the ugly bulb, the chicken breaking from the sepulcher of the shell. What are our symbols of Washington? No Washington's Birthday celebration is complete to-day without reference to the cherry tree and the hatchet. Are we to argue therefrom the fact of the boy and the hatchet? No, the myth of Washington's boyhood is to-day vital, while all its facts are forgotten, because the myth expresses the eternal truth that he who would be a leader of men must be fundamentally and fearlessly honest. Examples could be endlessly added.

Christ spoke often about the Incarnation; never once about the Virgin Birth. The one was a matter of fact which did not interest him; the other was an eternal truth. "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the

Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Again, "The works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

It is time that the Church of his followers took its stand as fearlessly and authoritatively as did our Master and say: We come not to destroy, but to fulfill. The incidents of the Bible may or may not be historical facts; that is a matter which does not interest us. But we do believe, and we will demand, that every one who allies himself with us shall believe that every word of the Bible is the eternal truth of our Spiritual Father. We believe, not in a Word of God which is bound to physical fact, but in a Word of God which expresses Divine Truth; and because we so believe, we are not interested in the Incarnation as a historical fact which occurred long ago, but we do believe in the Eternal Truth of the Divine Incarnation which happens whenever a child of God will open his heart to His indwelling.

This the Church will say when its leaders are spiritual rather than intellectual; when, instead of binding themselves to dead facts, they shall know the truth and the truth shall make them free. And when the Church does this, controversy will cease and, yes, adoration will begin.

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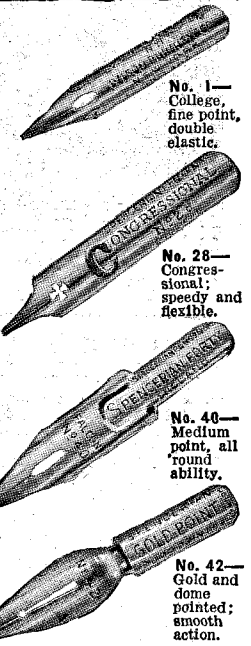
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Rome to English Lakes
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Seventy-three days of Pleasure
THE PRICE WILL PLEASE YOU
Write to
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Europe high-grade, comprehensive, personally conducted tours at moderate prices. 11th season. June 24, 28, July 5. **Chester Tours**, 64 W. 92d St., New York.



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On the Gulf of Mexico
90 Miles South of Tampa

Excellent quail, jack-snipe and other shooting; every variety of sea fishing, surf bathing, riding and tennis. Comfortable cottages with baths and fireplaces, electricity, central clubhouse, etc. For further information apply to **MIKE EVANS, Mgr.**, Trevilians, Va., until December 15th; thereafter Eagle Point, Venice, Fla.

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

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The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real home while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single room, per day, \$3 to \$4. Double rooms, \$3.50 to \$4.50. Suite, \$5 to \$7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, \$8 to \$10. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up.
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FOR SALE OR TO RENT in Montclair, N. J.

Small brick house with 6 rooms; bath, laundry and reception hall. All modern improvements. Nearly half acre shaded lawn. Rental \$100 monthly. May be seen by appointment after February 1. Address owner, **W. C. Gavitte**, 24 Mt. Vernon St., Fitchburg, Mass.

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Tidewater Virginia. For sale, attractive shorefront residence. Electric lights, plumbing, gardens, wood land, oyster shore, 175-acre farm. Residential neighborhood, churches, school. **Stephen C. Wolcott**, Nuttall, Gloucester Co., Va.

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PARTNER-MANAGER wanted for summer hotel. Must be experienced and able to invest some money. MAINE LAKES AND COAST CO., Portland, Me.

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LADIES—Why worry about that next club paper? Let Patricia Dix do it. Full particulars upon request. Reasonable rates. 4,040, Outlook.

WRITE poems. Clean, healthy, lasting, self-expression. Blakewhiting, "Authorservice," Braintree, Conn.

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HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., New York. School housekeepers at once. California, etc., \$1,800 year. Governesses, nurses.

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161 West 106th St., New York. Single sunny room, kitchen, for reliable business woman (Christian). References. Jamieson.

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PRINTED STATIONERY for personal use. We print your name and address on 200 fine quality bond note sheets and 100 envelopes, \$1 postpaid east of Denver and west of Pittsburgh; elsewhere \$1.15. Satisfaction guaranteed. Record Press, Box 127, Cedar Falls, Ia.

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HELP WANTED

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HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED. Executive secretary for ladies' club in New York. Must understand house-hold management. A lady 30 to 40 years. References. Typewriting or stenography not necessary. 4,651, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

PROTESTANT teacher or college man who will bring boys to Maine camp. 4,626, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

CULTURED American woman, teacher in private school, pianist, desires situation for summer. Experienced in hostess and front office work. Resort, tea room, adult camp. Would consider chaperoning young lady. 4,650, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
COMPANION—Gentlewoman, entirely alone, offers exceptional companionship to young or elderly lady. 4,662, Outlook.

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A big profit can be made by distributing The Outlook in your neighborhood to regular customers once a week. This is your opportunity to build up a business of your own and start a bank account. Write to-day and let us tell you how.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
Dept. C, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TWO cultured young women desire traveling positions for the summer. Capable as companions, tutors, mothers' assistants, governesses. References exchanged. 4,622, Outlook.

REFINED young college woman desires to act as secretary or companion to lady traveling abroad. Speaks German, French, Spanish, English, Italian. First class credentials. 4,628, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER (managing) in gentleman's home where maids are kept. References exchanged. 4,644, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion. Will travel. References. 4,641, Outlook.

LADY of unusual tact, executive ability, wide experience, and excellent social background desires position as hostess, manager, or matron. 4,647, Outlook.

WANTED. Position as traveling companion or chaperon by woman with highest references. 4,645, Outlook.

HOSPITAL trained, educated, American, Protestant woman, specialized in infant feeding, delicate children, experienced traveler, take full responsibility of infant, child, or aged person. Credentials exchanged. 4,648, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper desires position. Experienced in school and institution work. Would accept position in private home also. Very capable American widow, good personality. References exchanged. 38 Alexander Ave., Madison, N. J.

COLLEGE senior desires position as traveling companion to boys going abroad this summer. References. Box 825, Williamstown, Mass.

COLLEGE graduate as companion, governess. Experienced. Will travel. Miss Marion McLuhan, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Can.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSEKEEPER—Protestant American woman, refined, experienced; excellent cook. Can take full charge. Together with son (Columbia student), for lawn, furnace, tutoring. Reasonable compensation. Reference. Permanent. 4,653, Outlook.

LADY of culture, domestic science training and experience, has four months' free time. Will substitute in executive position or care for New York apartment in absence of owner. Willing to travel. Highest references. 4,660, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE senior, attractive appearance and personality, Protestant, desires summer position, governess or companion; preferably traveling. 4,655, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. 4,657, Outlook.

SITUATION wanted. Experienced teacher, governess, housemother, secretary, care of elderly lady. Highest references. 4,646, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LIBRARIAN, accustomed to train for the profession, accepts pupils in her own home for intensive coaching. 4,643, Outlook.

FOR adoption. 10 months old baby boy. History satisfactory. 4,642, Outlook.



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by CUNARD

The new
S. S. "TUSCANIA" of
the CUNARD and ANCHOR
LINES sails from New York
February 16th, arriving in
Egypt at the height of the season and
offering a travel opportunity rare,
fascinating, and full of appeal.

Choice of One-way or Round-trip Bookings—the complete Round-trip—returning via England—constitutes a consummate CRUISE TOUR to the MEDITERRANEAN.

most attractive, as to points visited—as to time required—as to expense involved.

Full information on request. Apply promptly.

CUNARD and ANCHOR
STEAM SHIP LINES
25 Broadway New York
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MISCELLANEOUS



An Opportunity to Become a Registered Nurse at Southampton, Long Island

Applications are now being received for 2½ years' nurses' training course, beginning April 1. Maintenance in attractive home, \$15 monthly allowance for accepted students and R. N. degree for graduates. Beautiful surroundings; surf bathing; ideal conditions. Requirements: 18 to 32 years of age, with at least 2 years' high school education. Send for folder and application form.

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION
Southampton Long Island



Beautiful TILES

Richness of texture—appropriateness of color—the achievement of combinations that are exactly proper: These are among the advantages of Tiles for those parts of the house where decorative values must be considered along with service.

Tiles produce the most charming results. Their colors, shapes, sizes and finishes give the utmost freedom for expressing just the idea desired.

Their permanence, and the ease with which they are kept in perfect condition, make them practical. Study the possibilities of Tiles for use in your home.

Consult your architect and dealer about Tiles, or write to

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WORLD'S BEST ARMS

Luger Pistols

barrels 4, 6, 8, 12 and 16

inches. Mauser Pistols,

long barrels; holster stocks for both. Mauser Springfield and Mannlicher-Schoenauer sporting rifles. Catalog "A"

10c. Pacific Arms Corp., Liberty Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

DON'T BURN COAL!

Amazing New
Invention
Does Away
With Dirty
Coal and
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Three Times
the Heat
of Coal



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Don't burn expensive dirty coal and wood! A new fuel has been discovered which gives three times the heat of coal. No more ashes, no more smoke, soot and coal dust—no getting up on cold mornings to build fires—no heavy scuttles to carry—no worrying about coal strikes and shortages. This new fuel cuts housework in half—curtains, rugs and clothes stay clean much longer.

Fits Any Stove or Furnace

The Oliver Oil-Gas Burner burns 95% air and only 5% oil, the cheapest fuel there is. Cheap, simple, fool proof and absolutely safe. 16 models to fit any furnace, range or stove. Over 150,000 in use.

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Oliver agents make big money—\$500.00 and more a month—big season now on—real co-operation. Write now for exclusive territory and FREE Sample Case Offer.

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Send today for FREE book, "New Kind of Heat" and details of Low Introductory Offer now being made. No obligation.

OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER
OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER CO. B-105 Oliver Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

By the Way

A YOUTH of twenty came to the Pine Mountain (Kentucky) Settlement School, having walked thirty miles for advice. His brother had been killed. Ought he to carry on a feud against the slayer? "Had I ought to kill him?" he asked. "Paw says I have a bound to. But if I do, I can't git to come to school. Most likely I will git in the pen for killin' a man, or if I don't I'll be afeared of bein' laywayed ever' time I step out. I allowed you fellers could help me to know what was right." As a result he brought in his gun and exchanged it for a Reader. After a year's schooling he wrote this composition:

I have got a great deal of good from the Pine Mountain School since I have been here. My health is fully two-thirds better. When I came I could only multiply by two, and now I can multiply by any number I wish to, and I can also find the area and perimeter of anything. I have also learned manners at the eating table and other places.

While he has left the school, he left his old gun with it, and there is one less feud in Harlan County.

From "Punch:"

Manager of Drapery Stores—"What do you mean by arguing with that lady? Let her have her own way. Remember, a customer is always right."

Assistant—"But she said we were swindlers."

The addition of new words to the American language goes merrily on. A few weeks ago we recorded "all-nighted" as knocking for admission. "Okayed" is gaining adherents as a simplification of "O. K.'d;" and in a New York newspaper which we never buy, but the staring headlines of which assault one from across the street, we saw the other day, "Moran Kayos Shugrue," this being a "regular" form of "K. O.," short for "Knock Out" or "Knocks Out." "Radario," for a broadcast communication by radio, has also appeared.

From the "Franklin News:"

Haughty Lady (after purchasing a stamp)—"Must I put it on myself?"

Polite Post Office Clerk—"No, madam—on the letter."

During the course of a colored festival in a Southern town, says the "Editor's Drawer" of "Harper's Magazine," Miss Mandy Johnson, a guest from a rural community near by, to whom such a function was a novelty, was approached by a Mr. Spencer, who inquired with great suavity, "Miss Johnson, am yo'

programme full?" "Lordy, no, Mr. Spencer," said the lady; "it takes mo' dan a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah programme!"

The story of the methods by which the moving pictures of the Smyrna tragedy of a year or so ago were taken and rushed to America is told in the "American Magazine." It gives much of the "thrill" that the pictures themselves did. The photographer, a Frenchman named Ercole, was refused permission by the Turks to enter the city; he got an airplane and made pictures of the devastated city from the air. He then flew to Paris with his precious films. The local staff developed them and rushed them to the Aquitania, but missed the ship at Cherbourg by three hours. "Did they wait for the next boat? They did not. They hired an airplane, chased out to sea, and dropped the package of films on the Aquitania's deck, with instructions written on it for its delivery." Another airplane met the ship at sea, and soon American audiences were seeing these remarkable pictures.

From "Pasquino," of Turin, Italy:

"Is there any hope?" asked the heir.

"None," replied the doctor; "your uncle will recover."

The principal thoroughfares of Peking, according to Professor Williams in his new book on "China—Yesterday and To-Day," are broad avenues a hundred feet or more in width. At various places along these avenues ornamental gateways are erected, built of wood and richly decorated. On these are inscribed such sentiments as: "Walk in charity," "Tread the path of righteousness," "Support the civil authorities," "Make daily improvement," etc. The idea might perhaps be Americanized by some of our progressive municipalities.

Etchers are fastidious about the paper on which their pictures are printed, and J. A. McNeill Whistler was extra-fastidious, apparently. In an autograph letter advertised for sale by an English dealer Whistler says to a friend: "I did not really mean that you were to be charged £10 for the paper. . . . If you think a fiver too much you shall have more of it. . . . I don't now remember what it cost—but it did cost money, not only in cash, but in time, trouble and travel, for I got it myself in Holland, passing days hunting over old bookshops in Amsterdam, and writing and intriguing for it. I believe it to be very valuable and more so now, for I doubt if it could be got in any quantity at all."